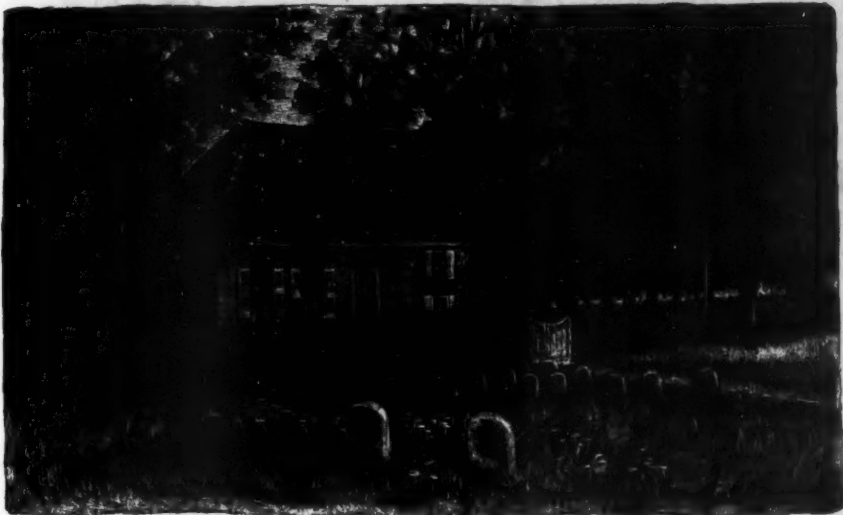


OUR CONTINENT

Vol. II. No. II.

PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER 20, 1882.

Whole No. 32.



WILLIAM PENN'S BURIAL PLACE, JORDAN'S MEETING HOUSE, BUCKINGHAMSHIRE, ENGLAND.

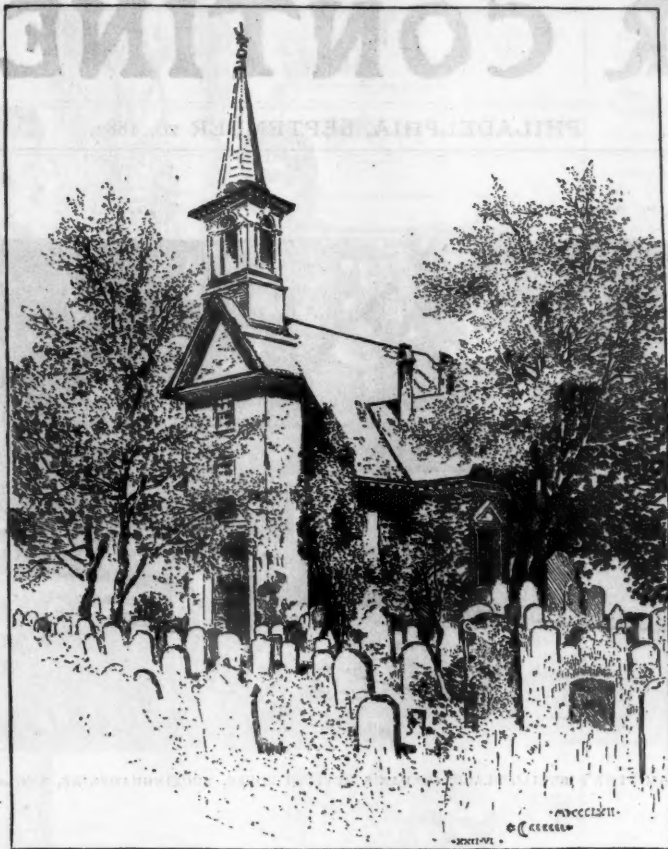
THE CITY OF A DREAM.

THERE is a certainty in the mind of the average reader that as the Pilgrim Fathers landed on Plymouth Rock, so Penn landed at Philadelphia, the sense of vagueness encompassing most facts of early colonial life being even stronger here than in the case of some occurrences actually less familiar. But the city in 1682 was still the city of a dream, a dream begun in youth and the brooding days at Oxford, and now transferred from mind to paper, the plan, drawn in part by Holme from Penn's instructions, being the latter's constant companion. Over the spot where to inward vision streets, squares, houses and docks were plain, trees still waved and not a foundation stone had been laid.

"According to its original design, Philadelphia was to have covered with its houses, squares and gardens about twelve square miles. Two noble streets, one of them facing an unrivaled row of red pines, were to front the rivers, a great public thoroughfare alone separating the houses from their banks. These streets were to be connected by the High Street, a magnificent avenue perfectly straight, and a hundred feet in width, to be adorned with lines of trees and gardens surrounding the dwelling houses. At a right angle with the High Street Broad Street, of equal width, was to cut the city in two from north to south. It was thus divided into four sections. In the exact centre a large public square of eight acres was set apart for the comfort and recreation of

posterity. Eight streets fifty feet wide were to be built parallel to Broad Street, and twenty of the same width parallel to the rivers. Penn encouraged the building of detached houses, with rustic porches and trailing plants about them, his desire being to see Philadelphia 'a greene country towne.'"

With this vision always before him, the voyage ended at last and the little company of faithful people, worn by nine weeks of battling, not only with wind and wave, but with the small-pox, which had broken out directly after starting, killed thirty and left many others weak, depressed and unfit for the labor awaiting them, sailed up the Delaware, and the *Welcome* dropped anchor at the little Swedish town of Upland, or Optland, then the chief town of the province. A single pine marked the spot at which Penn stepped on shore, and as he touched the new soil he turned to Pearson, who had been his companion and friend, and requested from him a name that should commemorate this first moment of possession. Too modest to give his own name, Pearson suggested, "Chester, in remembrance of the city whence I came," and Chester it remains to-day, a quaint and curious town, which for some time hoped and expected to become the city Penn had planned. Here, in the Friends' Meeting House, a plain brick building opposite the one where Penn remained as guest, a General Assembly was called, and the Frame of Government and



GLORIA DEI (OLD SWEDES') CHURCH.

the Provisional Laws already published in England were discussed. Delaware sent her representatives; the two provinces were declared united; twenty-one new laws were added to the forty already formed, and at the end of a three days' session the colonists, having founded a state and secured for themselves and their posterity both civil and religious freedom, returned to their plows and the quiet round of every-day life.

Penn's first step was to visit the various seats of government in New York, the Jerseys and Maryland, and, at the last point, Lord Baltimore came out to meet him with a retinue of all the principal persons of the province. No amicable arrangement as to boundary seemed possible, and, giving up the hope of adjusting conflicting opinions, Penn first settled all questions as to the purchase and division of land and turned then to the plan for the new city.

Holme, who had been for six months surveying the province, agreed that the best site was the narrow neck of land at the junction of the Delaware and Schuylkill. Clay, for brick-making, abounded on the spot, and immense stone quarries were but a few miles away. The entire land was owned by three Swedes, from whom the Governor bought it on their own terms, their settlement including only a few log huts and caves, with a little church where loop-holes served as window lights, or "for firearms in case of need," while all beyond was the unbroken forest of Wiccacoa. At Passä-

jung was the white-nut wood hut of Sven Schute, the Commander, and not far away a sturdy little fort of logs filled in with sand and stones bade defiance to all enemies, whether white or Indian. For ten years the Swedes within a radius of fifteen miles had gathered in the little block-house listening to the Postilla read to them by the trembling voice of Anders Bengtsson, a weak old man, and at intervals they sent out appeals for some teacher who might for their souls' sake come to them in the wilderness.

In 1697 the prayer was granted, and the three missionaries, sent by Charles XI, arrived and proceeded very shortly to build the little church, still standing at the corner of Christian and Swanson Streets. The great beechwood trees in which it was set have disappeared. The church, banked in with sunken grave-stones, is just above a busy wharf, and only the names of its founders remain, some of them cut in the slate stones in the Mother country and sent over. Sven Schute, called by Queen Christina her "brave and fearless lieutenant," sleeps here, with many a forgotten Peterssen and Bengtassen, head-stones and grave alike lost to sight. To the little church, whose carvings and bell and communion service were all gifts of the King, Quakers, Swedes and Indians thronged, "marveling at the magnificent structure," and for years after the founding of the actual city it was regarded with pride. Wilson, the ornithologist, worshipped here, and lies now in the churchyard, where he



WEATHER VANE FROM GRIST MILL IN DELAWARE COUNTY OWNED BY WILLIAM PENN, SAMUEL CARPENTER AND CALEB PUSEY.

begged to be buried, because it was "a silent, shady place, where the birds would be apt to come and sing over his grave." Kalm, the naturalist, sent out from the University at Upsala to examine the flora of North America, had a place in the shadowy little pews, and his name remains to us in the laurel taken home by him with many another strange plant and named by Linnæus, in his honor, Kalmia. And in it lies a quiet woman, Hannah, wife of Nicholas Collin, the last of the Swedish missionaries, who, through all straits of poverty and disease, went her way till the strife ended and the undemonstrative and silent husband wrote over her:

"In Memory of her piety, neatness and economy and of the gentleness of the Affection with which she sustained him through many trying Years; and of his Grief for her, which shall not cease until he shall meet her in the land of the living."

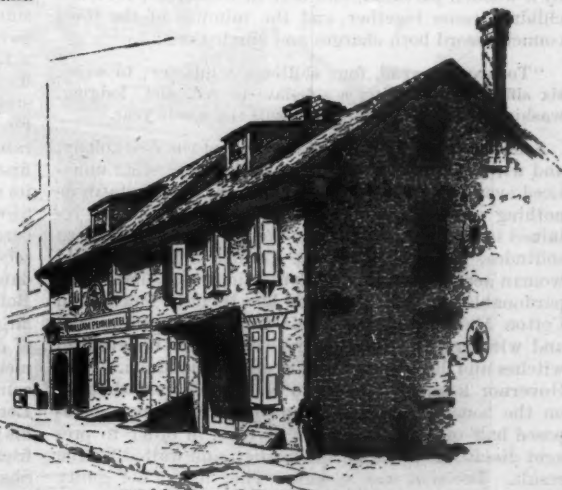
Before a house had been built, arrivals poured in. Twenty-three vessels followed Penn within six months, and the crowd of immigrants all wished to remain in the new city. Suffering was inevitable, but the enthusiasm of the new undertaking was upon every one. Many camped under the huge pines of the forest; many more became cave-dwellers, though not a trace remains of this supremely uncomfortable life shared by rich and poor alike. The sod-houses of Nebraska and Kansas approach more nearly to the Philadelphia "caves" than any form of dwelling known at the present day to refugee or colonist. The caves were "formed by digging three or four feet into the ground, near the verge of the river front bank, thus making half the chamber underground; the remaining half above ground was formed of sods of earth, or earth and brush combined. The roofs were formed of layers of limbs or split pieces of trees, overlaid with sod or bark, river rushes, etc. The chimneys were

of stones and river pebbles mortared together with clay and grass or river reeds."

Here, while the building went on, delicate women who had known only luxury in England worked with Saxon energy, helping fathers and husbands—bringing in water, cutting wood, tending pigs and sheep and poultry, even carrying mortar, or helping saw a block of wood. Through all weariness and discouragement, the memory of "woful Europe" acted as a spur, and within a few months Penn was able to write to the Society of Traders that eighty houses and cottages were ready.

The foundation of the Guest house had been laid before Penn's arrival, and as he stepped from the open boat in which he had come from Chester to the "low and sandy beach" where Dock Creek emptied into the Delaware, the builders flocked to the shore. The point seemed in every way best suited for tavern, ferry and general place of business, and Guest's house became from that date the Blue Anchor Inn, being then and for many years "beer-house, exchange, corn-market, post-office and landing place." This first public building was formed of wooden rafters filled in with bricks brought from England, like houses still to be seen in Cheshire, of the Tudor and Stuart periods. It had a frontage of twelve feet on the river, and ran back twenty-two feet into what was afterwards called Dock Street. The ferry crossed Dock Creek to Society Hill, recorded as "having its summit on Pine Street and rising in graceful grandeur from the precincts of Spruce Street," and a ferry also carried persons to Windmill Island, where grain was ground by a windmill, or to the Jersey shore. Ten other houses, known as Budd's Long Row, stretched northward, all built of wood in precisely the same manner, filled in with small bricks, the fittings and furnishings having been brought from England.

Within a year of Penn's arrival a hundred houses, many of them of stone with pointed roofs, balconies and porches, had been built. Three hundred farms were settled and the first crops harvested, and sixty vessels had arrived in the Delaware. Before the second year ended six hundred houses stood complete, and the Governor wrote with honest and pardonable exultation to Lord Sunderland: "With the help of God and such noble friends I will show a province in seven years equal to her neighbor's of forty years' planting."



PENN'S HOUSE IN LETITIA STREET.



SLATE ROOF HOUSE, ORIGINAL APPEARANCE.

Massachusetts, founded by scholars, printed no book nor paper till eighteen years after her first settlement. In New York seventy-three years passed before a printing-press was deemed essential, while in Virginia and Maryland the mere mention of one was regarded by their governors as anarchy and treason. But a printer, William Bradford, of Leicester, went out with Penn in the *Welcome*, and when the first stress of building was over, set up his press, printing an Almanac for 1687, which had of course been set up the preceding year. Schools had come first, Enoch Flower having built a rude hut of pine and cedar planks, divided in two parts by a wooden partition, and here in December, 1683, the children came together, and the minutes of the town council record both charges and curriculum:

"To learn to read, four shillings a quarter; to write, six shillings; boarding a scholar—to wit, diet, lodging, washing and schooling—ten pounds the whole year."

Schools and press were the key-note of the new colony, and within six months from its landing one other unnoticed event indexed its intellectual and moral status as nothing else could have done. The Swedes, who retained in full the superstitious terror of their northern solitudes, brought before the Council a miserable old woman accused as witch. Conviction would have been pardonable in a day when men like Richard Baxter and Cotton Mather recorded their faith in "a god, a devil and witchcraft," while even George Fox believed in witches and his own power to overcome them. The Governor listened quietly, no clue to his real thought on the benevolent face; summed up to the jury, composed half of English, half of Swedes, in order to prevent dissatisfaction with the verdict, and waited for the result. Decision was speedy. They found her guilty of having the reputation of witchcraft, but not guilty in manner or form as indicted. Her friends were merely

required to give securities for her that she would keep the peace. A half smile was on the Governor's face as he left the court-room, and thus ended the first and last witch trial in the State of Pennsylvania.

To-day, between Chestnut and Market, Second and Front, the searcher for old landmarks will find the house built and occupied by Penn during his first visit. Bricks, wooden carving and "servants to put them in place," came over together from England.

"Pitch my house in the middle of the town, facing the harbor," he had written to his commissioners the year before, and this would seem to settle the still vexed question as to which house in Letitia Court is to be considered the original one, the one on the west side answering this description, and having been identified by a Robert Venables, who knew it from a child, and who died in 1834 at the age of ninety-eight. "A great and stately pile" was built at Pennsbury, near Trenton, the forest land sweeping down to the Delaware, the deer ranging at will in this natural park; but through his first visit the Governor preferred the little house with its nearness to all business interests. Later he moved to what is known as Slate-Roof House, at the southeast corner of Norris Alley and Second Street, and at his second visit, in 1700, transferred the little house to his daughter Letitia, for whom in time the court was named. Both houses have passed through various transitions, the larger one being after Penn's occupancy, left in charge of James Logan, his secretary, and used as a government house. But before this, sorrow of every sort had come to the Governor. Political difficulties arising from Lord Baltimore's ambition and determined pushing of his personal claims; his wife dangerously ill; his dearest friend, Algernon Sidney, a victim by the block, and Shaftesbury and Essex in prison; persecutions raging against all non-conformers, and his own enemies at work. To return to England was absolutely necessary,

but he went with a heavy heart, leaving behind a letter in which he apostrophises the city of his love:

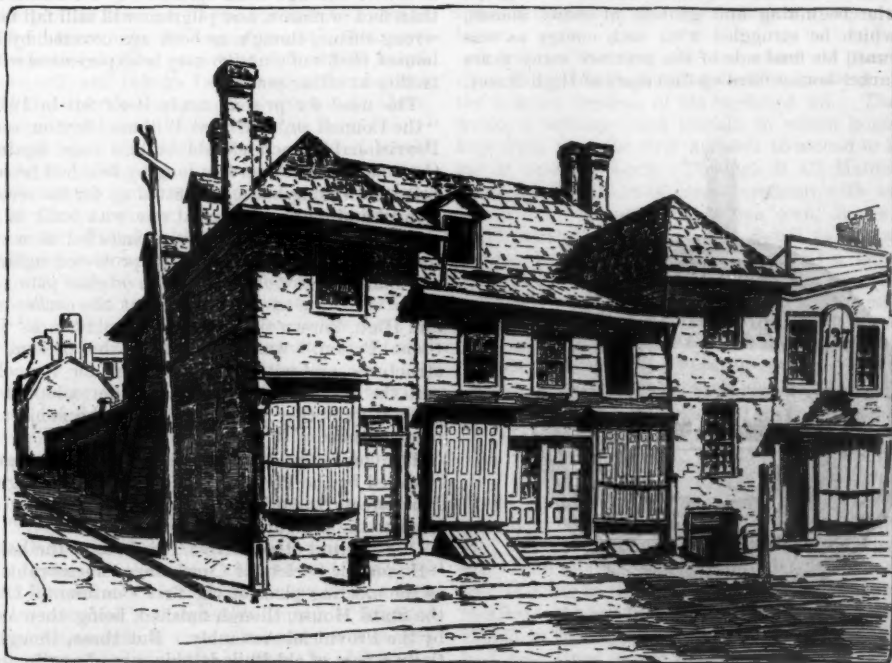
"And thou, Philadelphia, the virgin settlement of this province, named before thou wast born, what love, what care, what service and what travail has there been to bring thee forth and preserve thee from such as would abuse and defile thee! My soul prays to God for thee, that thou mayest stand in the day of trial, that thy children may be blessed of the Lord, and thy people saved by His power."

There was need of such prayer far beyond his own knowledge or worst apprehension, for, seek as he might, many years went by before he saw again the city whose foundations were in his very soul. They were hard years, and few lives hold record of deeper tragedy than filled every one. With the change of dynasty and its endless complications came a disaster which for a time threatened utter ruin. An order of the Council, which regarded him as the friend of the exiled King, deprived him of the government of his province and annexed it to New York, and the place of the wise and far-sighted Governor was given to a man, "a mere soldier, coarse, abrupt and unlettered," a stranger to the founder's ideas and intentions. That the charter was still valid and the whole action illegal could not hinder present harm, but more than a year passed before the course of affairs could be changed. Not until thirty months of constant labor and bitter anxiety were ended was the order revoked, King William becoming convinced of his own mistake; but the restoration came too late for the wife, who had sickened and pined through the sorrowful waiting, dying at last in Penn's arms. His oldest son, Springett, owning the sweetest and noblest traits of both father and mother, was in a decline. Letitia and William were the only remaining children, the latter his heir, but totally unlike the elder brother, being a reproduction of all the worst as

well as some of the best points of his grandfather, the Admiral. Yearn as Penn might for the quiet of Pennsylvania, it was impossible to leave this favorite son, and six years passed after the restoration of his rights before he again set foot in his own province. The years without Guli had been full of anxious forebodings, for nothing in the son gave promise that the colony could prosper in his hands, and, helpless under many household difficulties, a second marriage seemed the natural solution. Hannah Callowhill, long known and a valued friend, was his choice; not only a notable housewife but a woman of extraordinary sense and spirit and equal executive ability, who in later years became the real ruler of the province, and whose name is perpetuated in one of the northern streets of the city. Of the six children of this marriage John Penn, known as "the American," was the only one born here, this event taking place in the "Slate-Roof House," just one month after their arrival. The fact seems not to have increased his love for America, every one of Penn's descendants manifesting as much eagerness to get away from the province as their progenitor had felt to reach it.

Pirates and contraband traders swarmed in the rivers, and one of the Governor's first acts was to call the Assembly together and urge an abandonment of the non-resistance policy. By early spring he had succeeded in this and various other measures for the good of the settlement, the chief of these being its formal incorporation as a city, with charter, Mayor and other city officers. Though founded in so short a time, the colony had increased till equal in number to those of more than double its years, but the colonists unfortunately shared too little in the spirit of the founder, and "passion and grasping restlessness" were both at work in discouraging fashion.

His family had been settled at Pennsbury, which had



SLATE ROOF HOUSE IN 1868, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN A FEW WEEKS BEFORE IT WAS TOWN DOWN.

been built and furnished in a style befitting the Governor of a great province, and the freest hospitality was exercised. The peculiar costume of later Friends was unknown. Penn himself wore the full-bottomed wig of the period, and bought four in one year, while the dress of his wife and daughter was quite in harmony with such expenditure. The wealthier women at that time wore "white satin petticoats, worked in flowers, pearl satin gowns, or peach-colored satin cloaks; their white necks were covered with delicate lawn, and they wore gold chains and seals, engraven with their arms."

Penn's cellar was well stocked with fine wines, and he enjoyed good living, though always temperately. His passion for boating still remained, and wherever possible he went from settlement to settlement in his yacht, and about the country on one of the fine horses brought from England. His charities were continuous, and some of the best pages in his history are the items of his private cash-book, while he bent every energy to alterations in the constitution and a better shaping of every law. Had his own provisions remained in force, and even "ten righteous men" been found filled with the same unselfish zeal, the city would have been even now far in advance of any other assemblage of brick and mortar on the continent; but month by month it fell below the founder's standard. At his second coming, and even as late as 1720, there were but four streets running parallel with the Delaware, while in 1776 "the town extended only from Christian to Callowhill Streets, north and south, and houses built as far west as Tenth Street might fairly be classed as country seats."

The "great houses" described in a map of 1720, still to be seen in London, were really small, two-storied buildings, no larger than those now occupied by the average artisan, and back of all lay the still nearly unbroken forest drained by muddy creeks which cut the city into several sections before emptying into the Delaware. Penn's enforced and sudden return to England allowed the beginning and growth of many abuses, against which he struggled with such energy as was possible, until his final sale of the province many years later. Market-houses filled up the centre of High Street,

which he had intended should be free and unobstructed. The open stalls gradually lengthened out, not only here, but at many other points, the latest relic of these being the old market-house at the corner of Second and Pine Streets. Frankford, Roxborough, Germantown and many another hamlet grew up slowly on the outskirts, to be eventually swallowed by the growing city and form the bewildering and involved arrangement of streets here and there contradicting and disconcerting the right-angled regularity of the original plan.

Time and business exigencies have claimed most of the old sites and few land-marks remain; but, every now and then, may still be seen a house of the black and red English brick with the hipped-roof and picturesque outline of an earlier day. Germantown has still several specimens unaltered, "except by the removal of the projecting stoop on the second story, built as a vantage ground in case of an expected attack from the Indians, who never came."

Prosperity was the law of the city, and, with comfort and even luxury increasing year by year, the people settled into comparative indifference to anything beyond material progress. The Quaker poor had been provided for as early as 1712 by an Almshouse on the south side of Walnut Street, above Third, a portion of the old building standing till the Centennial year, when the space was filled with business houses. It was a collection of small cottages, each with its occupant, set in the midst of a quaint, old garden. The City Poorhouse was "on a green meadow," extending from Spruce to Pine Streets and from Third to Fourth, and, contrary to all accepted belief and statement, it was here, and not in the Quaker Almshouse, that Evangeline found Gabriel. The latter was simply an asylum for their own aged poor and never used as hospital, while contemporary records show that the former swarmed with fever and cholera patients, and that the Sisters of Charity acted as nurses through both epidemics. Custom is stronger than fact or reason, and pilgrims will still fall before the wrong shrine, though, as both are covered by business houses, thrills of emotion may be experienced with equal facility at either point.

The need for prisons made itself felt in 1682, when "the Council ordered that William Clayton, one of the Provisional Council, should build a cage against next Council day, of seven feet long by five feet broad." A private dwelling house was fitted up for the second, and a third and more substantial one was built in 1685, in the centre of High Street, and indicted as a common nuisance in 1702, Penn having protested against that and many other violations of the original plan. A much more elaborate stone building at the corner of Third and High, known till after the Revolution as "the old Stone Prison," was the seed of the present famous structures, and with self-government for the colony began the reforms in prison discipline adopted in full years before other States considered the subject worthy of attention.

The Quaker pest-house disappeared long ago, to be replaced by the Pennsylvania Hospital, at Eighth and Pine streets, the original building still forming a small wing to the present one.

On Chestnut street above Third stood the hall of the "Honorable Society of Carpenters," memorable always as the meeting place of the first Continental Congress, the State House, though finished, being then occupied by the Provincial Assembly. But these, though essentially a part of old Philadelphia, are of another era, and before their building had come a time when the mind of the founder ceased to influence the city it had planned,



SEAL OF PENN'S COLONY.



THE SOUTH ROOM, "SLATE ROOF HOUSE."

and after long experience of neglect, dishonesty, ingratitude and every wrong which seems to spring naturally from the possession of unearned and undeserved privileges, Penn transferred all right and title in the disappointing colony to the Crown, retaining only his Governorship. "The Holy Experiment" remained holy only to the originator, and so far as lay in their power the people of Philadelphia ignored his wishes, set aside many of his provisions in the Constitution, and in the midst of the crowding misfortunes into which, through the treachery of his steward, he was precipitated, sought to wring from them only the largest amount of concession for themselves. The years that follow hold much the same record, and though Logan and a few devoted friends did their best to carry out his system and ideas, the city ceased to represent the mind of its founder.

To one man alone the ideal had come, and it would seem that when failing powers and fortunes had done their worst that the great soul was allowed to transfer its ideals to a mind more practical, and thus in the end more successful. Philadelphia's story would have ended then and there, so far as anything but material progress and prosperity were concerned, but for the mind of Benjamin Franklin, who gave the first impetus toward intellectual life, and whose name might justly stand as the founder and originator of every means of genuine growth.

"Schools, universities, free churches, public libraries, drainage, fire and military companies, street lamps and street sweeping—every reform from the broad policy of the statesman to the smallest detail bears somewhere the bold scrawl, *Franklin fecit*."

What Penn had hoped for was to come from no son of his. William, his successor, died from his excesses; John visited his province, but returned with speed to the steady-going English life he preferred, and the family and descendants of the great non-conformist then and after became sleek and reputable Church of England men; some with scholarly tastes, but not one with any marked portion of individuality, purpose or ability.

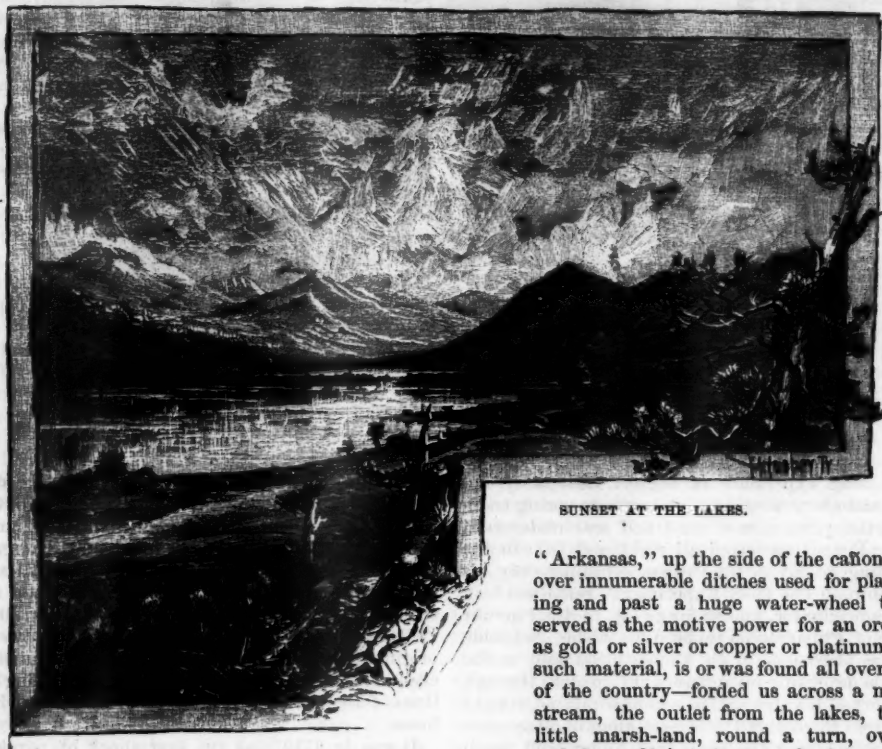
The Quaker element of the city, though dominant, had intermixed with it a large population who were not

so certain that all necessary wisdom could be obtained by the facility of an inward flash. Something of the liberal tone of a metropolis had gained upon it, until "by the close of the colonial age Philadelphia had grown to be the centre of a literary activity more vital and versatile than was to be seen anywhere else upon the continent, except at Boston. In the ancient library of Philadelphia there are four hundred and twenty-five original books and pamphlets that were printed in that city before the Revolution," many of them being descriptions of the beauty and desirability of the province as a home.

It was in 1712 that the first shock of paralysis fell upon Penn, who had borne then for ten years some of the heaviest burdens of his burdened life. There were weeks of lethargy, and months in which business was kept from him, the first attempt to attend to it resulting in another shock. Through it all, Hannah Penn managed the affairs of his government with an energy and wisdom almost equal to his own, James Logan, in Philadelphia, writing every detail to her, and continuing the loyal service which had for many years made Penn's affairs stand far before his own.

With a third and final shock all active mental life ended. There were five years in which he rested at Ruscombe, waiting for the end—years in which no trace of the Quaker soldier remained, save the gentle, serene temper that even in sharpest conflict had never failed those who loved him. A child again, he played with the abandoned children of his oldest son, wandering with them from room to room of the great house, and only troubled when he discovered his wife writing. Though memory had gone, some vague sense of grief and difficulty seemed to associate itself with this incessant correspondence, and at last it became necessary to carry it on secretly or at night. Friends watched him, and he clung to them though their names could not be recalled. At last in a summer morning, daybreak just visible in the sky, the end came. The City of a Dream had long since passed from his mind, and the dreamer awoke now in a better "city whose builder and maker is God."

THE TWIN LAKES, COLORADO.



SUNSET AT THE LAKES.

"Yes, sir! Yes, sir! Step this way. This yere's my team. Take ye right up!"

It is pleasant when one arrives all alone in a strange country to find that one is expected and welcomed, though one may have to pay for it. So when I stepped off the train at the little station that bears the name of the most beautiful lakes of Colorado, and found a team waiting for me—simply me and no other, for there were no more passengers for that station—and in answer to an anxious inquiry as to how I could get up to the lakes was rewarded with the above much-wished-for information in the cheery voice of the driver. I felt that I had my welcome and a right hearty one. The wagon was old and rickety, the driver was no longer young, and was garrulous in the bargain; the horses, two shaggy, unkempt bronchos, were lazy, and the seats were hard, but the sun was shining down through a cloudless sky, and the pure, fresh, invigorating air of the Rockies was disporting itself through my breathing apparatus, and as I had had a fair breakfast at the last stopping-place (Buena Vista) I was in a condition to be happy—supremely so, if there can be such a thing as happiness.

With many a creak and groan our ancient equipage got under way, and it is truly a mystery how it ever held together, but it did, and carried us successfully and safely across the rough bridge of logs that spans the

"Arkansas," up the side of the cañon or gulch, over innumerable ditches used for placer washing and past a huge water-wheel that once served as the motive power for an ore-crusher, as gold or silver or copper or platinum, or some such material, is or was found all over this part of the country—forded us across a mirror-like stream, the outlet from the lakes, through a little marsh-land, round a turn, over a hill and then—Oh! is it magic? Are we in fairy-land? Surely it is wonder-land, for everything is truly wonderful. Two lakes are before us, the largest and nearest a beautiful deep blue, and its sister—of which we catch but a glimpse at this point—a light green. Beginning at the water's edge and exactly reversed in the mirror of the lake, well wooded with fir-pine, and in the fall gorgeous with the dying leaves of the scrub oak and "quakin' asp" trees, the grand old mountains rise hill upon hill until the summits of "Esterbrook" and "Egbert" have the sky for a background. There the snow never melts. Year in and year out they wear their crown of purity, which, alas, they do not and cannot transmit to the mortals that live within their shadow. But my reverie and wonderment are cut short by my garrulous driver.

"D'ye see them thar two peaks yonder? Well, them's what they call Twin Peaks, 'cause they 're so much alike. Them thar Twin Peaks, sir, is chock full of gold and silver. Some of the best leads in the country. Here! do ye see that thar leetle white speck right back o' that dark patch of timber on the side of the near peak? That's the cabin on my claim, and—yes, you can see it from here—that black spot, that's one of my tunnels." Here he again paused to see if his wonderful information had produced the desired effect, and then in a casual way, as though the so-called legend had not been concocted in his own fertile brain, to be used on the same principle as a quack medicine advertisement, "If ye

thought to buy a first-class lead, I'm the man to put you on the right track. This is some of the rock," and he drew from his pocket a small bit of pyrites, resplendent with bright crystallizations calculated to deceive the very unsophisticated, but, so far as a moderately-practiced eye could tell, utterly devoid of value. On learning that I was merely on a sketching tour he relapsed into silence for a time, but soon opened the conversation with a new proposition that I should go up and make a map of the different tunnels, to be sent back East for the purpose of obtaining companies to work them—a very good idea on the whole, but somewhat out of my line of work.

By this time we were bowling along the border of the lower lake, and soon came in sight of the little cluster of log cabins and rough board cottages that stand on its western shore, which constitute, with the "Interlaken House" on the southern shore, the principal hotel accommodation of the lakes. In a few minutes my luggage was deposited on the rough porch of the Twin Lakes House, the largest log cabin of the cluster, and, after a hearty farewell from my garrulous driver friend, who disappeared in a cloud of dust on the road toward the little mining village of Dayton, about two miles distant, and being rewarded with a smile from the pretty and vivacious servant girl, who peeped round the corner of the house, I was taken in hand by the genial clerk (a retired opera tenor, who we will call Signor Martini for short, who, as he afterward informed me, was born in France, and was a naturalized Chicagonian), and was refreshed with an invigorating bottle of beer.

That I was the only guest of the house did not surprise me, nor did it render my visit less interesting, as I had not come for society. During July and August, I am told, hundreds of tents dot the valley, and it is as gay as any one could wish; but the season was now quite far advanced, and the "killing frosts" had induced pleasure and health-seekers alike to "fold their tents and so forth."

Twin Lakes are about sixteen miles southwest of

Leadville. They are one of the points of interest to which residents of that town make excursions, and mark an altitude of 9400 feet above the level of the sea. Parties frequently drive over the mountains in the morning, dine at the Lakes and return in the evening. The resources of the place for amusement are great, especially for the disciples of the late lamented Isak Walton, for the fish—salmon-trout—are the finest and most delicious of any I have ever tasted. Should any tourist visit Colorado and fail to taste the trout as cooked by the before-mentioned smiling servant maid at Twin Lakes he has surely not performed his duty to himself, and has missed something he will regret all his life.

For those who are fond of hunting during the season there can be few better places. One may start out with his rifle and in a few minutes be buried in the deep forests of pine, the haunt of the elk and the grizzly bear, though the latter animal is seen to much better advantage when kept at bay by strong iron bars, where one can feed him with crackers and gingersnaps, as in their native lair they are inclined to be much too affectionate. An old hunter whom I met confirmed this opinion and advised me never to interfere with a grizzly: "You see," said he, "las' fall Jim Blake and I fixed to go off on a two weeks' hunt; so we packed our kit and made acrost toward Mosquito Pass, and one morning early, about the second day after we made camp thar, Jim, he was a-cookin' breakfast (we'd shot a nice elk day before), and I took my gun and made down toward where the water was, thinkin' I might see somethin', and sure enough I did. Ye see, our camp was pitched under a sort of projectin' rock on the side of a little gulch that had a dry creek bed. There was a spring right near the camp, but about quarter mile down the gulch there was quite a pool, with a clump of cottonwood trees kind a-hidin' it, and I thought maybe to catch a deer or so takin' a morning nip. Well, sir, I was a saunterin' down that thar dry creek bed, not suspicioning anything, when I came suddenly on a grizzly



THE LOWER LAKE—MORNING.

not ten rods away. You can just bet your bottom dollar, stranger (this is not verbatim what he really did say, for he interlarded his discourse with some swear words, which must not be published), I was just skeared, for the — thing was a she bear and had a couple of cubs. I knew the old lady meant business as soon as I seed she seen me; and sure enough she did. She had bent down a branch of scrub oak and the cubs were having their breakfast, but when she seen me she dropped the branch, spit an acorn out of her mouth and started herself right for me. You bet, I lit out purty lively and made quick time for a few rods, but I found the critter was a-gainin' on me, and I knew it was a case of nerve or die. So I turned quick, dropped on one knee and let her have it—bang. The ball hit her on one of her hind legs and she stopped and began to gnaw the wound with her teeth. It would have made your hair rise, stranger, to hear how she hollered. She didn't stop long, but it gave me time to drop the shell and reload (I had a Winchester), and when she started again I gave it to her right between the shoulders and that downed her. I went back to camp and sat down after that, and you can just bet your life I for one don't want to go foolin' around no more grizzly bars."

Another story is related of a man who came suddenly on one of these monarchs of the Rockies, and he said, in telling the circumstance: "I jest then and thar made a bargain with the critter, that if he would let me alone I wouldn't hinder or obstruct him nohow."

Still another, of a somewhat more humorous character, is told of a party of ladies and gentlemen who having started to climb Pike's Peak met a bear and returned in confusion, vowing that a huge grizzly had chased them for a mile. They were believed until, an hour or so afterwards, a telegram was received from Canon City, forty miles away, saying that a small black bear had passed through that town with his ears back and his tail between his legs, headed, with a mean

speed of eighty miles an hour, for New Mexico, evidently preferring to trust himself among the heathenish Mexicans rather than with eastern tourists.

These and many other stories were told to me when in the evening we—Signor Martini, the proprietor of the house, John and myself—gathered about the blazing log fire in the parlor of the hotel. By the way, this parlor is a veritable curiosity for a hotel, as also are the other rooms in the house, rough pine logs for joists, the ceiling the flooring above, the walls papered with pages from the various illustrated magazines and weeklies, an open fireplace black with pitch pine smoke, and a pair of equally black and rusty andirons; a rickety pine table on which is an ink-bottle, a bad pen, some newspapers—the youngest probably a fortnight old—and wonder of wonders, and yet beautiful in spite of its surroundings and the fact that it is coverless and well thumbed—a Bible. A few strong pine chairs and a lounge, which has certainly seen better days, covered with faded green brocatelle, make up the furniture of the place; but that does not prevent it from being very cosy and comfortable.

Perhaps the oddest character of the very large assortment of odd characters one is apt to meet in Colorado was "John." I do not know or have forgotten his last name, but just John alone will do. I should like to tell you more of him, to speak of his many peculiarities, and to give a detailed description of his camp—a little half tent and half shanty on the edge of the lake. I should like, if possible, to reproduce some of his quaint poetry and still quainter drawings (for John was quite an artist in his way), which were as odd as himself; but space will not permit, and I must confine myself to a short description of the man. John was the fisherman for the hotel, a great, tall Texan, with a clear, sharp eye, an honest, sun-burnt and weather-beaten face, a mass of dark brown wavy hair hanging about his neck and shoulders. He wore a huge sombrero and a heavy moustache, and at a little distance presented the appearance of a first-class desperado; but a near view revealed the mistake, for when he spoke his kindly eye lit and his honest face broadened into a smile, and his voice, albeit deep, was soft and musical. John was an old resident in the country, and had been to all the out-of-the-way and in-the-way places in Texas, Arizona, New Mexico, Colorado, Wyoming and Utah; he had owned gold mines, and had sold or lost them; he still had some few in reserve, and was expecting to sell more; he had been worth a great deal of money at times, but by the assistance of bad partners, or luck, or fate, he was not then over-encumbered with wealth. He was a good, honest man, and it was a pleasant sight to see him of an evening poring over the coverless Bible, deep in its mysteries.

The nearest post-office for Twin Lakes is at the little town of Dayton, already mentioned. There is a service of three mails a week from Leadville. These are either "packed" over on horseback or hauled by the supply team which makes the trips. Dayton is quite a lively place; the natives, mostly miners, amuse themselves of an evening by getting something more than half-seas-over and shooting promiscuously about the streets, though I believe no one has as yet been seriously hurt within the town limits.

The day before leaving the lakes I paid a visit to the falls at their head. As the road to these falls passes through Dayton I stopped at the post-office, which, in connection with a grocery and general supply store, is kept by two young gentlemen bearing the euphonious name of Smith. The Messrs. Smith were just about starting out for the falls with a team, and I was kindly



"JOHN."

invited to make one of the party, provided I had no objection to riding with some ladies. The idea! Objection! Was I such a formidable personage? Of course I did not demur, for I don't mind saying that although I am a confirmed old bachelor, yet I consider myself quite a gallant, and always enjoy the society of ladies, especially young and pretty ones.

We had a most delightful ride along the upper lake. The color of this lake is quite remarkable. It is a light muddy green, rather a bad and certainly a very odd contrast to the clear dark blue of the lower lake. The lakes are divided by a peninsula about one quarter of a mile across, and their waters are joined by a stream some fifty feet wide. It is a curious effect to note how the green of the upper lake runs far out into the lower one before mixing with its blue.

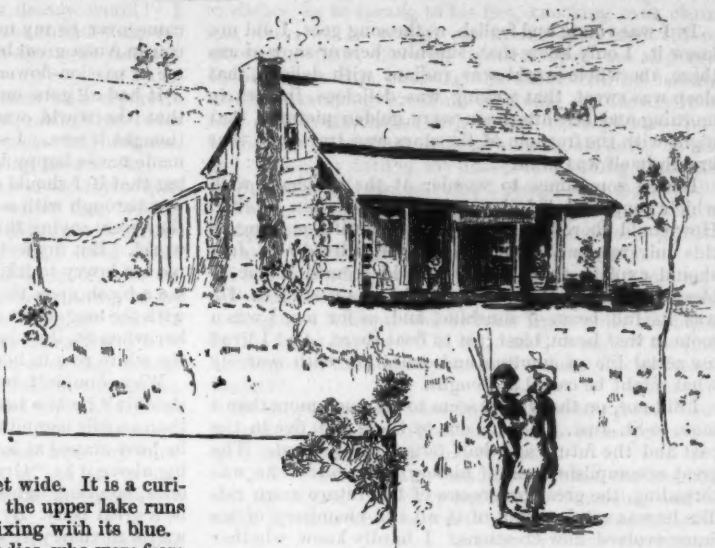
Our ride was a lively one. The ladies, who were from Boston, were very agreeable. They were ready and eager for a lark, and made the hills ring with songs and shouts of laughter. They had been much alarmed the night before by the shooting, but as they were laughed at for being frightened and told that it was merely the custom of the country, they did not seem anxious to return to their native and more civilized East when the West was so replete with novelty, even if somewhat dangerous. After spending the day exploring the tunnels about the falls and making some sketches of the water-wheel and crusher that have been built there, we returned to Dayton, well satisfied with our picnic. Having made arrangements for the team to call for me early next morning, I returned to the hotel, taking with me the letters for the neighborhood, as every man is his own and everybody else's delivery-postman in Colorado.

The falls are well worth a visit; though not very high they are beautifully situated in the gulch at the foot of Twin Peaks and, command a fine view of the lake below.

There is a steamboat on the lakes and it is said to be the only steamboat at that altitude in the world. The *Idlewild*, for so it is called, was stranded at the time of my visit, and therefore I did not have an opportunity of testing her seaworthiness.

Of course there is excellent boating, and to row out on the lakes in the moonlight, on water so clear that you can distinguish every pebble on the bottom (provided you are near enough to the shore, as it is said to be 500 feet deep in some places), with the great towering mountains on all sides bathed in soft dreamy light; in company with—well, my unmarried male and female readers, you only know who; as for me, I am a staid old bachelor, you see, and was consequently alone, but if it was heavenly to me under such circumstances, how much more would you enjoy it in each other's society!

Early the next morning, about five o'clock I think, I was aroused from my slumbers by loud shouts outside. "Hi, there! Ho, there!! Hurry up now. Ye haven't much time to catch your train." It was my old friend, the driver. I hustled into my clothes in a twinkling and with the help of Signor Martini soon had traps and self



TWIN LAKE HOUSE.

packed in the wagon. With a hand-shake and a crack of the whip we were off. As we passed John's camp he was just preparing his boat and lines for an early start. He stood on the pebbly shore, his tall, lank figure dimly seen by the dawning light, waving his sombrero in adieu. It was with a half feeling of envy that I saw the last of him. A happy life his! Small responsibility, simple wants, and the eternal mountains morning, noon and night.

I believe there is nothing more sublime in this world—nothing that fills one with the wonderful grandeur and beauty of nature—than the dawning of a day in the heart of the Rocky Mountains. First of all, we have that soft glow that illuminates the whole sky and leaves the hills in sombre shadow. Then the sun tips the highest peak with red, making the spot glow like a flame of fire. This seems a signal to the other peaks, for suddenly they appear to leap out of gloom, glowing and blazing and flaming, each striving its best to outshine the others in the dancing morning light, and still all below is in gray shadow. All is quiet. Not a ripple on the surface of the lake, not a leaf moves. It is day above, but night below.

Slowly now comes the streak of light; Twin Peaks are tipped and the ray steals down their sides, the near foot-hills feel it, it is just above us, a leaf moves, a ripple steals across the surface of the water, a bird screams, and lo! it is day.

Properly to enjoy the effect of the birth of a day and a ride of four miles in the morning in the Rockies, especially in the early part of October, one should be provided with plenty of warm clothing and have had a cup of some warming stimulant—coffee is best—before starting, as there is otherwise apt to be a chilly feeling, which materially detracts from one's power of appreciating the sublime. However, I was soon on board the train near a warm fire, and even the cold which I caught during my morning ride has faded to a dim memory which serves only to emphasize the pleasures of my sojourn at the Twin Lakes.

COLIN C. COOPER, JR.

FIRE AND SNOW.

If I was young and foolish, as the song goes, I did not know it. I only knew that, sunshine here or snow-storm there, the whole world was radiant with delight, that sleep was sweet, that waking was delicious, that early morning and late afternoon were golden pictures, that night with the freedom of the stars was transport, that breath itself was luxury.

I used sometimes to wonder at the problems with which people busied themselves. The origin of evil! How could there be any evil in so beautiful a thing as this universe, on a planet where St. Just lived? St. Just should explain, then, why the world seemed to me so blessed a place. He lived in it—he was part of it. He was its full beam of sunshine, and, as for me, I was a mote in that beam, blest just to float there. And I lived my aerial life of emotion and sensation with scarcely what might be called a thought.

I did not, on the whole, seem to be much more than a mote to St. Just. He was one of those who live in the past and the future and half forget the present. The great accomplishments of history were mazes he was threading, the great progresses of the future were riddles he was solving; out of it all the chemistry of his fancy evolved new creations. I hardly know whether he was poet or philosopher; I know I was but one of the mere ephemera of his morning, fortunate if I threw a shadow on his page sufficient to make him turn and brush the little blot away. I seldom aspired to the honor of his notice, it was enough for me to be allowed to see him in the complete beauty and nobility of his face and stature and inner being. When I heard him say that Greek art showed the high-water mark to which the tide of the human intellect could reach, I felt that his existence showed the one height to which human manhood might climb. You can see that I was wildly and hopelessly in love with St. Just, and as contented, withal, as any young nun might be in the worship of her chosen saint.

I never thought of blaming St. Just for not being in love with me; there was nothing about me to be in love with, I reasoned. I had always been told to hold my head up, and not to stoop so, to stop blushing, to smooth out my curls, to look people in the face, till I had come to consider myself a bundle of imperfections. For St. Just to be in love at all would have been to impair his lofty serenity and make the god-like human. But if he must be in love at all, my cousin Anna, with her luxurious loveliness of form, her hair, neither gold nor red, that when unbraided fell about her feet, the yellow glories in her luminous hazel eyes, the creamy texture of her waxen skin, was the fit object for his passion. And Anna felt so, too, I thought. That St. Just's position and his fortune could have had any influence with Anna, would no more have occurred to me than that his hat and cane could do so.

He was often at our house, but it was because he and my uncle pursued some kindred studies. Sometimes when he left the library he walked up and down the long hall with Anna, or she went out with him as far as the long garden gate. I saw them over the balustrade or from the oriel window. How splendidly they looked together, walking in the dark-old hall among all the ancient portraits and armors hanging there—as if a dead race had come to its perfection in those moving shapes. How beautiful they were down the blossoming garden aisles—so the first man and woman in the garden spoke and smiled, I thought. Sometimes, when St. Just

came over to my uncle in the morning, he brought my cousin Anna great bunches of red roses. Once he threw me a passion-flower.

It had all gone on so for a year or two before I found that the world was not so bright a thing as I had thought it was. I surprised myself in wondering what made me so happy last summer. I felt guilty for thinking that if I should die it would be no great matter. I was through with my lessons, my masters, my books; they were saying that now I must go out and see the world. But my feet, my hands, my eyelids, seemed to me too heavy to lift. If I did look up I fancied I should see a blush upon the creamy face of Anna, as she stood with the long silken gown of Pompeian red falling about her when St. Just bent that lofty head of his and kissed the white rose in her white hand.

Why shouldn't he kiss the rose in her hand? Why shouldn't he kiss her hand? Was that anything more than an idle compliment? If he were her lover, would he have stayed at her hand? With those red lips pouting above it? "Great bodies move slowly," said Anna once, laughing lightly with her mother. "St. Just must be a great body. By the time he has found out that he wants to marry it will be altogether too late for ivory satin to be becoming, or to make it worth while to reset the St. Just moonstones."

What profanation were her words! How unholy were her feelings! They only added to my dejection, and when Anna's birthday ball came I could not bring myself to go down among the gay throng. Once or twice my maid stole back and begged me into the gallery to look at the scene below, as the groups moved from place to place, or as the dancing in the long hall began; but one sight of Anna in her snowy tulle and strings of blazing garnets, floating in the arms of St. Just, the vapory gauzes half enveloping them like a cloud and separating them from the world as they floated, sent me back to hide my face among my pillows, and shut out with them the roaring of the night-storm that only emphasized and accentuated all the flashing of the lights, the murmuring of the voices, the sweetness of the music, the fragrance of the flowers and wine. Well, in my heart was just as wild a storm raging as in the great night-sky outside. How far, how far behind me had I left that light young creature to whom breath itself was luxury!

I looked at myself in the mirror as I went down to the late breakfast next morning. I was pale and languid, with faint shadows about my heavy eyes; and yet it seemed to me that the image there was not altogether unlovely. I had heard my uncle declare, no longer ago than yesterday, that there was delicacy and grace and sweetness there, if there was not positive beauty; and no one could say the purple darkness of the eyes was not beauty enough in a face. But that was my uncle's kindness, not my own conviction, not St. Just's. And I asked bitterly why my dead parents could not have given me the heritage of half Anna's beauty instead of the worthless wealth that made my people guard me as if I were Fortunatus' purse itself.

The storm was still raging that morning, as if the elements had gone back to chaos. Far over the wide, low fields I saw, as by and by I went listlessly into the library and looked from the window, the white wonder of the storm had spread its wings; here and there some bare tree tossed a filmy web of frosted boughs and sprays, some fir-tree shuddered and shook off its weight

of silver, but all the rest of the world was a blur of whirling whiteness. "Ah, what a dreary world!" I sighed. And then a voice came from the chimney alcove, saying: "You are fresh from your books—will you look at this one moment?"

It was St. Just, who, having business with my uncle in the morning, had stayed over night, rather than twice encounter the delaying storm. My uncle had, however, been called away, and he was verifying their work.

I went mechanically. He had often asked my help in that way before. And I stood just behind him, looking down over his shoulder and running my finger along the page on which he looked. Suddenly, as I stood there, a strange, swift sensation of warmth seemed to be enveloping me. I thought it was only the rushing of my blood, the blushing of my face, at being so near St. Just, that I was the warmer yet for being angry with myself. But, with the next instant, a strong, strange scent was in the air, a strangle of smoke in the throat, a suffocating breath of it, and I turned my head with an involuntary cry, "Oh, St. Just! St. Just!" to see a tower of flame springing over my head from my burning skirts that the powerful draft of the storm had drawn into the grate and kindled instantaneously to a blaze.

Never, never shall I forget the look in St. Just's face

at that cry, forget his white set face with the lips fixed in silence, as he sprang to his feet, knocking over chair and desk, as he caught me in his arms and threw me to the floor, throwing himself upon me and my burning garments, covering the flame with his hands, his feet, stamping, pressing, pinching, smothering in a wild and savage haste, and, at last, when all was over, holding me to his heart as if now he should never let me go! "Oh, my darling, my little white darling," he was whispering. "If you had died I should have died, too!"

And I clung to him in one moment of prayer and hush and passion. "You are mine, you are mine," I said. "I have passed through the fire to win you!"

I had still a fragment of clothing left, and I tore myself from his grasp and slipped hurriedly from the room to fling on a wrapper and be back again with bandages for his burnt hands. "Oh, St. Just!" I said. "I would be burned at the stake twice over to hear you say those words!"

He caught me passionately into his arms again. "But it took all but burning at the stake to make you show me I might say them!" said St. Just.

"And it isn't too late," said Anna, when she laughed and kissed me, "for ivory satin to be becoming and to make it worth while to reset the St. Just moonstones!"

HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.



FAN'S FANS.

OUR Fan had a hobby—quite
harmless 'tis true;

'Twas for gathering fans of
every known hue,

And every conceivable shade, form
and size,

I'm sure could you see them 't would dazzle
your eyes.

But Fan was esthetic as maybe you've
guessed,

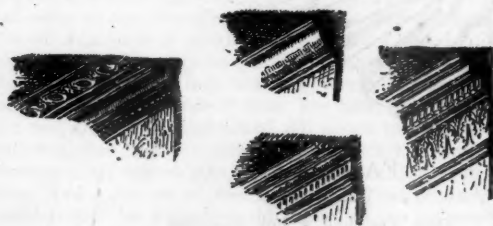
And this was the way her last craze was
expressed.

HELEN OLMSTED.

THE HOUSE THAT JILL BUILT.

NUMBER XVII.

JACK's benevolent ambition to distribute their superfluous plans among those in need of such aids was strengthened by the receipt of another roll of drawings, showing designs for the interior work, wainscots, cornices, architraves, paneled ceilings and such wood finishings as are commonly found in houses that are built in conventional fashion, with lathed and plastered walls, trimmed at all corners and openings with wood more or less elaborately wrought. Of course, it was a large condescension in the architect to offer such a variety, and contrary to his avowed determination to decide without appeal all questions of construction and design, but he appreciated his clients and knew when to break his own rules and when to insist upon their observance. If Jill had required an assortment he would doubtless have suggested that certain "practical" builders could furnish a full line of ready-made "artistic" patterns for little more than the cost of the paper on which they were printed; from these he would have advised her to select her own designs, as she might have chosen from a medicine chest sweet-smelling drops or sugar-coated pills of varying hue and form—the result would doubtless be as satisfactory in one case as in the other. Since she had not demanded it as an inalienable right he gave her an opportunity to criticise and select, which she accepted by no means unwillingly. As a rule the designs were, in her opinion, too elaborate and obtrusive. There were too many mouldings, there was too much carving, and too evident a purpose to provide a finish that should challenge attention by its extent or elegance. It would require too much labor to keep it in order, and—it would cost too much. If she could not have work that was truly artistic, and therefore enduringly beautiful, whatever changes of fashion might occur, it was her wish to keep all the essential part of the building and finish modestly in the background, not attempting to make it ornamental, but relying upon the furniture for whatever conspicuous ornament or decoration might be desired.

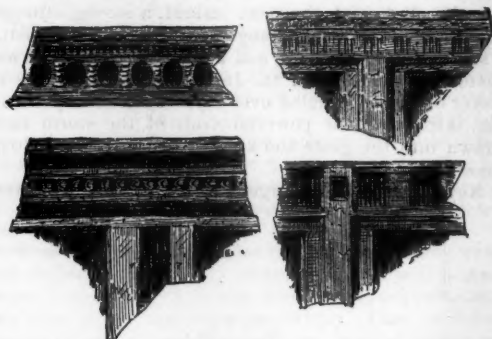


BITS OF CORNICES.

Nothing annoyed her more than an elegantly-finished house scantily provided with shabby, incongruous and misapplied furniture. The amiable concession of the architect came near causing a fatal quarrel, as amiable concessions are apt to do, for he found it almost impossible to satisfy Jill's taste in the direction of simplicity; he seemed to feel that he was neglecting his duty if he gave her plain, narrow bands of wood absolutely devoid of all design beyond a designation of their width and thickness. Any carpenter's boy could make such plans. "It would be worse," he wrote, "than prescribing bread pills and 'herb drink' for a sick man." To which

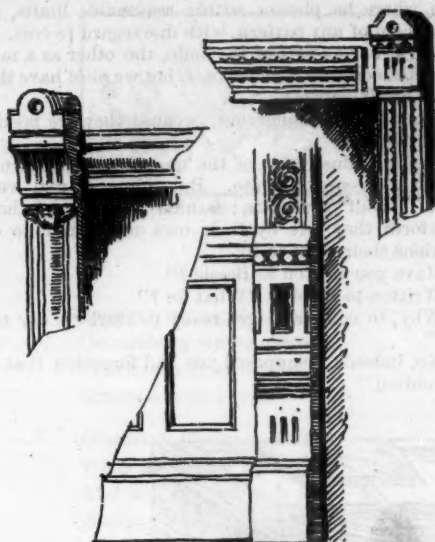
Jill replied in substance that the needs of the patient are more important than professional rules.

Over the first great question, regarding the visible wood work of the interior, Jack and Jill had held many protracted discussions: should any of it be painted, or should all the wood be left to show its natural graining and color? To the argument that unpainted wood is not only "natural" but strictly genuine and more interesting than paint, Jack replied that "natural" things are not always beautiful; that paint, which makes no



"MOULDINGS FAIR TO SEE BUT HARD TO KEEP CLEAN."

pretense of being anything but paint, is as genuine as shellac or varnish, and that if the object is to be interesting, the bark, the knots, the worm-holes, and, if possible, the worms themselves should be displayed. "Besides," said he, "if we decide on hard wood, who shall choose the kinds? There's beech, birch and maple; cherry, whitewood and ebony; ash and brown ash and white ash and black ash; ditto oak, drawn and quartered; there's rosewood, redwood, gopherwood and wormwood; mahogany, laurel, holly and mistletoe; cedar of Lebanon and pine of Georgia, not to mention chestnut, walnut, butternut, cocoanut and peanut, all of which are popular and available woods for finishing modern dwellings. If we choose from this list, which may be indefinitely extended, the few kinds for which we can find room in our house, we shall be tormented with regret as long as we both do live because we didn't choose something else. Now if we paint, behold how simple a thing it is! We buy a lot of white pine boards, put them up where they belong and paint them in whatever unnamable hues the prevailing fashion may chance to dictate. Our boards need not even be of the best quality; an occasional piece of sound sap, a few hard knots, or now and then a 'snoodledog'—as they say in Nantucket—would do no harm. A prudent application of shellac and putty before painting will make everything right. Then if the fashions change, or if we should be refined beyond our present tastes and wish to go up higher, all we should need to lift the house to the same elevated plane is—another coat of paint. On the other hand, if we had a room finished in old English oak, growing blacker and blacker every year; in mahogany or in cheap and mournful black walnut, what could we do if the imperious mistress of the world



FRAGMENTS OF ARCHITRAVES.

should decree light colors? With rare, pale, faded tints on the walls our strong, bold, heavy hard-wood finish would be painful in the extreme. We couldn't change the wood and we couldn't change the fashion."

"If you were not my own husband, Jack, I should say you were dreadfully obtuse. Concerning *fashion* in housebuilding and furnishing I feel very much as Martin Luther felt about certain formal religious dogmas. If we are asked to respect it as a matter of amiable compliance, if we find it convenient and agreeable and at the same time harmless, then let us conform to its decrees; but, if we are commanded to obey them as vital, if they are set before us as solemn obligations to be revered as we reverence the everlasting truth, then, for heaven's sake, let us tear them in pieces and trample them under our feet, lest we lose our power to distinguish the substance from the shadow. The moment any particular style of building, finishing or furnishing becomes a recognized fashion, that moment I feel inclined to turn against it with all my might."

"If you were not my own idolized wife, I should say that was 'pure cussedness.'"

"On the contrary, it is high moral principle; that is, moral principle applied to art. It is a simple, outright impossibility for human beings to have any true perception of art while a shadow of a thought of fashion remains. It is, indeed, possible that fashion may, for a moment, follow the straight and narrow road that leads to artistic excellence, as the fitful breath of a cyclone may, at a certain point in its giddy whirl, run parallel with the ceaseless sweep of the mighty trade-winds, but whoever tries to keep constantly in its track is sure to be hopelessly astray."

"My dear, indignant, despiser of fashion, you know you wouldn't wear a two-year-old bonnet to church, on a pleasant Sunday morning, for the price of a pew in the broad aisle."

"Certainly not; that would be both mercenary and irreverent; moreover, my bonnet has nothing to do with artistic rules. It is not a work of art nor of science, of nature nor of grace. It is a conventional signal by which I announce a friendly disposition toward the follies of my fellow-creatures—a sort of flag of truce, a

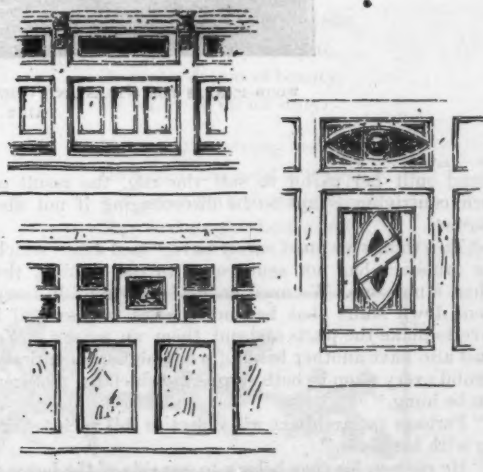
badge of my conformity in little things. I wear it voluntarily and could lay it aside if I chose."

"Undoubtedly, if you chose. Now, let us resume the original discussion. I had given one powerful argument in favor of paint when I was rashly interrupted; here is another; it is much cheaper."

"That would depend," said Jill. "Ash, butternut, cherry and various other woods cost little, if any more, than the best pine, and the pine itself is very pretty for chambers."

"Ah, but you forget the labor question. It is one thing to join two pieces of wood so closely as to leave no visible crack between them, and quite another to bring them into the same neighborhood, fill the chasm with putty and hide the whole under a coat of paint. The difference between these two kinds of joints is the difference between one stroke and two, between one day's work and five days, between one thousand dollars and five thousand. My third argument you will surely appreciate. Paint is more artistic." Here Jack paused to give his words effect; then proceeded like one walking on stilts. "Pure tones symphoniously gradated from contralto shadows to the tender brightness of the upper registers and harmoniously blended with the prevailing quality"—

"Oh, Jack! Don't go any farther, you are already beyond your depth. When you attempt to quote Besie's sentiments you should have her letter before you. Perhaps I have a dim perception of the principle that underlies your thirdly. If so, this room is a pertinent illustration of it. Instead of all this white paint, if the wood work had been colored to match the predominant tint in the background of the paper, or a trifle darker, this being also the general 'tone' of the carpet, it is easy to see how the coloring of the room would have been simple and pleasing, instead of glaring and ugly. Yes, your plea for paint is not without value. I think, however, it would be entirely possible to stain the unpainted wood to produce any desired symphony, fugue or discord. It might be unnatural, especially if we wished to look blue, but it would not conceal the marking and shading of the grain of the wood which is so much prettier than any moulding or carving, and vastly easier to keep in order. Your economical arguments are always worth considering. I think the happy compromise for us will be to use hard wood in the first story and painted



A CHOICE OF WAINSCOTS.

pine in the chambers, with various combinations and exceptions. The bath-rooms, halls and dressing-rooms of the second story should of course be without paint, and we may relieve the solid monotony of the hardwood finish with occasional fillets or bands of color, painted panels or any other irregularities we choose to invent. But this is invading the mighty and troublous realm of 'interior decoration,' from which I had resolved to keep at a respectful distance until the house is at least definitely planned in all its details."

A wise decision, for although what we call in a general way 'interior decoration' is closely allied to essential construction, not infrequently seems to be a part of it, there is still a sharp though often unseen line between them that cannot be crossed with impunity. Artistic construction is at best only second cousin to decoration, and while we may in building arrange to accommodate a certain style of furniture or ornament, as Bessie's

them where he pleases, within reasonable limits, and make them of any pattern, with due regard to cost. He may treat one as part of the dado, the other as a member of the cornice, if he chooses, but we *must* have them—they are indispensable."

"They are also dangerous, because they are fashionable."

"Yes, an illustration of the temporary agreement of fashion and common sense. But things of real worth do not go out of fashion; fashion goes out of them; henceforth they live by their own merit and no one questions their right to be."

"Have you written to Bessie?"

"Written to Bessie? What for?"

"Why, to come and get ready to start on her mission."

"No, indeed; I supposed you had forgotten that absurd notion."



WOOD PANELS FOR WALLS AND CEILINGS, WITH IRREGULARITIES IN LEATHER, PAINT AND PAPER.

friend built her parlor to suit the rug, the result of such contriving is apt to be discouraging if not disastrous.

"Two things we must surely have," said Jill, "which the architect has not sent; one, an old fashion, the other, a new one. We must have a 'chair rail' in every room down stairs that has not a solid wainscot, if I have to make the plans and put them up myself. We must also have another band of wood higher up entirely around every room in both stories, to which the pictures can be hung."

"Perhaps the architect will object to this as interfering with his plans."

"He cannot, for they belong to our side of the house; they are matters of use, not of design. He may put

"Not at all absurd. I mentioned it to Jim, and he was delighted. Offered to go up and escort her down. He said they could go out in a different direction every day and do a great deal of good in the course of a week."

"Jack, I am ashamed of you! Don't mention the subject to me again."

"What shall I say to Jim?"

"You needn't say anything to Jim. Tell him I am going to invite Bessie to visit us in the new house, and if he is in this part of the world I will send for him at the same time."

"And that will be a full year, for the house is hardly begun."

"Yes, a full year."

E. C. GARDNER.



AN AUTOGRAPH.

I WRITE my name as one
On sands by waves o'errun,
Or winter's frosted pane
Traces a record vain.

Oblivion's blankness claims
Wiser and better names,
And well my own may pass
As from the strand or glass.

Wash on, O waves of time!
Melt noons the frosty rime!
Welcome the shadow vast,
The silence that shall last!

When I and all who know
And love me vanish so,
What harm to them or me
Will the lost memory be?

If any words of mine,
Through right of life divine,
Remain, what matters it
Whose hand the message writ?

Why should the "crownner's quest"
Sit on my worst or best?
Why should the showman claim
The poor ghost of my name?

Yet, as when dies a sound
Its spectre lingers round,
Haply my spent life will
Leave some faint echo still.

A whisper giving breath
Of praise or blame to death,
Soothing or saddening such
As loved the living much.

Therefore with yearnings vain
And fond I still would fain
A kindly judgment seek,
A tender thought bespeak.

And, while my words are read,
Let this at least be said:

"Whate'er his life's defeatures,
He loved his fellow creatures.

"If, of the Law's stone table,
To hold he scarce was able
The first great precept fast,
He kept for man the last.

"Through mortal lapse and dullness
What lacks the Eternal Fullness,
If still our weakness can
Love Him in loving man?

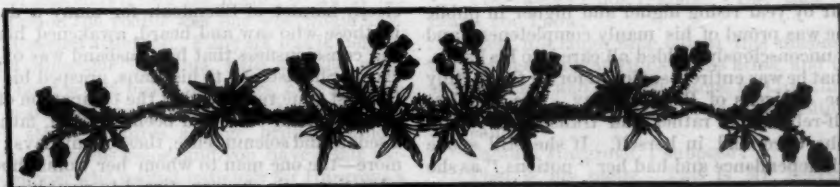
"Age brought him no despairing
Of the world's future faring;
In human nature still
He found more good than ill.

"To all who dumbly suffered,
His tongue and pen he offered;
His life was not his own,
Nor lived for self alone.

"He loved the scholar's quiet,
Yet, not untempted by it,
Or poet's dream of beauty,
He strove to do his duty.

"He meant no wrong to any,
He sought the good of many,
Yet knew both sin and folly,—
May God forgive him wholly!"

JOHN G. WHITTIER.





By ALBION W. TOURGÉE.

Author of "A Fool's Errand," "Pigs and Thistles," "Bricks Without Straw," "John Eax," Etc.

CHAPTER XIII.

A NEW DAY.

THE weeks passed by, and still the master of Sturnhold delayed the departure of which he had spoken in his conversation with Kortright. The arrangement which had been then agreed upon had been fully consummated. The tract conveyed was much larger than the Squire had dreamed of in connection with his project, and the sum placed in his hands greater than he had asked. In return for this confidence, Harrison Kortright had included in the property thus held in trust all of his own lands, except a small tract about the homestead.

"I couldn't put this in, you see," he said to Hargrove apologetically, "because—well, there's no knowing what might happen, and I wouldn't like to be entirely out of a home, nor have Martha feel, if I died, that she was only a trustee in her own house."

"Certainly not," replied Hargrove. "I had no idea of your doing anything of the kind. Indeed, I thought that your care and attention were fully equal in value to my investment, and I was very willing to leave it in that way."

Mrs. Kortright, however, was opposed to the reservation her husband's caution had made in her behalf. The project seemed to have captivated the good woman's fancy in an unusual degree. For the first time in his life her husband had risen beyond her highest ideal of manhood. The boy-lover who had gone to the heathen as an emissary of that Divine love—prototype of the earthly bliss that had been denied to him—shrunk to nothingness in her esteem in comparison with the man who, in mature years, could make a bed of pain the birthplace of a new life. She had always respected her husband's sturdy will, his inflexible integrity, keen and true judgment and unflinching self-poise in all the events of common life. He was a man that filled to perfection her definition of a husband. Kind, careful, thoughtful for every need of his family, respected by all, and year by year rising higher and higher in public esteem—she was proud of his manly completeness, and had almost unconsciously yielded all care into his hands, confident that he was entirely sufficient for all the earthly needs of the denizens of Paradise Bay. She had lost her own self-reliance, or rather had transferred to him the faith she once had in herself. If she still spoke with some independence and had her "notions," as she was wont to say, it was only in accordance with a sup-

pressed intuition. She was positive only where she knew that her husband's convictions would not run counter to her preferences. Otherwise, no matter how keen her impression, she was sure to await an expression of his opinion.

All this had been a matter of growth with Martha Kortright. The marriage which bound her to her husband had not been completed with the ceremony that made the twain one flesh. She had grown toward the nature which she at first only half understood, and had contentedly yielded to its power, little by little, until Martha Ermendorf had been quite forgotten in the wife of Harrison Kortright. In all this, however, there had been no enthusiasm and very little pride. She was, of course, in a sense, proud of the confidence and esteem her husband had won among his neighbors, but the romantic element in her nature was not stirred by his character or achievements. What he did was either so commonplace, or done so much as a matter of course, that she never thought of him as a hero. Dawson Fox, the missionary, was the hero of her past; the boy Martin was the hero of her future. Even in the tragic scene of the election day her husband's part was quite forgotten in comparison with her son's daring and Captain Hargrove's dramatic gallantry. Martin's brave attempt came ever to her mind as the key-note of a life of matchless heroism. The Captain, as he hurled the rearing steed back upon its haunches, seemed a king of men. But the husband, half-clad, pallid, his face wrung with agony at the son's danger, was only a matter of course—an instrument of duty. It was all right that he should do as he did. She could not imagine that he would do otherwise; but it never occurred to her that there was anything uncommon or heroic in it. She had lived so long in intimate relations with his thought that she had no idea that the transparent soul hid heroism under the simple guise of duty.

His plan for building a busy city out of the foam of the great waterfall that had dashed and roared by the sleepy hamlet of Skendoah for many a day, unheeded by those who saw and heard, awakened her at once to the consciousness that her husband was of no common clay. She listened to his plans, grasped his idea and for the first time realized that the companion of her life was indeed heroic. He had been husband, father, lover, in a sedate and solemn sense, these many days; now he was more—the one man to whom her womanhood bowed in adoration. So she was stirred to rival his noble idea by

a self-sacrifice that should show her trust. It was a sort of unconscious penance which she set herself to do for the sake of this man, her husband, whom she felt she had robbed of half his due. Wiser counsels prevailed, however, and through the aid of a lawyer, it was finally arranged that Harrison Kortright should hold and manage the combined property, receiving himself one-half the yearly income—or more, if that did not amount to a certain sum—and reserving the remainder with the principal for Hilda and Martin, in equal moieties, to be given to each at majority and to be held by them as partners thereafter until they should elect to terminate the relation.

With the spring, new life came to the prisoner of the winter at Paradise Bay. The world was in the light of a new dawning. The great West had been made greater. There was a rumor of gold in California. A few enthusiastic outcasts had groped their way across the dun sandy swells to a new Land of Promise under the shadows of the Rocky Mountains. The world was waking, and the telegraph began to stretch its web up and down the land, annihilating distance and making time a jest. It was then that Harrison Kortright undertook the work for which he had been fitted by years of silent thought and that self-reliance that comes only from isolation and self-communion. The dream of his life was now about to be realized. He almost forgot the grip of disease upon his distorted hand and the finger of pain upon his flexed and dragging limb. The flesh could not weigh down his buoyant spirit, and the voice of his nightly prayer was fuller of triumphant thanks than of supplication for strength. He had dreamed of the waterfall from boyhood and now had his hand upon its boisterous strength. That he would make it do his will he no more doubted than did Cromwell the issue upon Marston Moor.

The time was favorable, and as news of his new project spread, every one who heard wondered that it had not been undertaken before. Success ran to meet him in his new endeavor. Skendoah awoke from its slumber, and waited in expectancy for the coming of new feet and a new era. As the spring buds burst into flower Martin bade adieu to Sturmhold, the new life that had enchained him and the Princess who had awakened him with her kiss, and returned to give the aid of quick eyes and nimble feet to his father's enterprise. There were tears and kisses at parting. The farmer's boy found Paradise Bay exceeding dull without the bright eyes and ruby lips that wept and sobbed for him at deserted Sturmhold. The grief of both was assuaged only by the promise of frequent meeting and of a future reunion when the torrent had been tamed and the master of Sturmhold should go no more away from its delightful surroundings.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE END OF THE LAW.

A TALL, stately man of middle age, with a mien of peculiar grace and dignity, called at Sturmhold one day not long afterwards, during a brief absence of Captain Hargrove, and was shown into the library to await his return. In person the visitor was one who would anywhere have attracted attention. Fully six feet in height, well-knit and muscular in frame, with a noble, well-proportioned head set on broad shoulders, he was a fine specimen of self-reliant manhood. Add to this an expressive face, strong features, a large, brilliant, kindly eye, a musical, sonorous voice, and you have a fair picture of the stranger who waited patiently for Hargrove's return. To him entered Hilda, restless from the loss of her companion. It was not long before she yielded to

the fascinations of a manner which few could resist, and gave her fullest confidence to one whom no man had ever presumed to doubt. When Captain Hargrove returned he was handed a plain card, on which was written the name, "Jared Clarkson." It was a name well known in that region, as that of a landholder whose acres were numberless, scattered over half a hundred counties of the State. Equally noted as an orator, a philanthropist and a financier, he was a man of remarkable character and of great personal power, but so given to what were deemed impracticable vagaries as to be held in very trivial esteem in any public capacity, while the regard for his private character was unbounded. Hargrove had often heard of him and had no little curiosity to meet him, but chance had never thrown them together. He wondered what this man, who was chiefly known as the leader of the most advanced ideas upon social and political subjects, could want with him—the one man in all that region who was credited with the most active opposition to these ideas. Knowing his eccentricity, however, it occurred to Hargrove that perhaps his visitor had come to Sturmhold on an evangelizing tour, and proposed to accomplish nothing less than a conversion to the dogmas to which he was attached. It was with an amused smile, therefore, that he proceeded to the library. His amusement changed to amazement, therefore, when, opening the door, he saw this radical reformer seated on a low stool before Hilda, who was perched upon the highest chair in the room, an open book in her lap, over which her eager face expressed only undoubting wonder.

"Yes," continued the excited child, "and the bears got after him!"

"Bears?—the Great Bear and the Little Bear, I suppose," with the hint of a smile at the corner of his broad mouth.

"I reckon so," she responded, with an uneasy feeling that she was being laughed at. "Of course there must have been little and big ones, for there were twenty thousand of them."

"Twenty thousand!"

"Well, perhaps it was only ten thousand; but it was a great many, *anyhow*,"—the last word with great positiveness of emphasis.

Mr. Clarkson bent in apparent absorption, while his tawny beard almost swept the page and his genial face was aglow with delight. It was the story of the adventures of Baron Munchausen, of whom Hilda was discoursing as she turned the pages and explained the engravings which illustrated the text. It had been a favorite with Martin, and so a part of her repertory of the wonderful.

"And this," she said, didactically, "this is where he went to the North Pole."

"You don't tell me?" said her auditor, in a soft, melodious voice. "Well, what did he do then?"

"The Baron? Oh, he was all right. He always was. He climbed the Pole!" in a voice of triumph.

"Climbed the pole? Was it a bare pole?"

"Yes—well—I don't know. But they were polar bears, you know."

A rich, full laugh rang out at this unconscious sally, the stranger caught Hilda in his arms, and turning met the surprised and amused glance of Captain Hargrove. Without putting the child down, the visitor advanced and said:

"Captain Hargrove, I suppose?"

"That is my name. This is Mr. Clarkson, I presume?"

"Yes. I wanted to see you a moment on business,

and while I waited made the acquaintance of this little girl. She is very entertaining."

"For a wild girl, she does well enough," said Hargrove, smiling. "She has always lived alone, except when I have been here now and then for a while, and, though she has had a teacher, seems to have had her own way and taken her own course. I am thinking of sending her to school, now that she is getting so large."

"Indeed?" looking inquiringly at the child.

"Yes; I have to be away so much that I cannot look after her, and the servants are spoiling her, I am afraid."

"I don't know," said the stranger, seriously. "Nature is a great teacher—a great teacher, sir, and the grandest of nurses. I always pity the child that has to give the freedom of a life such as she has known for the tyranny of the school-room." The sentence was given with oratoric precision, a graceful outward wave of the left hand as he referred to the surroundings of Sturmholt, and a heavy, queer emphasis upon tyranny, the first syllable of which was pronounced with a long y.

"Well," said Hargrove, "I don't know which is most to be pitied, the child that has nature and misses the school, or that has the school and misses nature. But how can I serve you?"

"Oh, I just want to talk with you a little," replied Clarkson. "There, run away, my dear." He kissed the child, and lowered her to the floor as he spoke, and she left the room without further words. Hargrove motioned to a couple of chairs that stood in the embrasure of a window at the end of the room overlooking the valley, and they sat down. The visitor looked at the prospect without for a moment, turned and cast his eye over the well-filled shelves and rich adornments of the room, and then surveyed his companion from head to foot with careful scrutiny. Everything apparently pleased him, for he said:

"You have a fine place here, Captain Hargrove."

There was something in his tone that conveyed a deeper meaning than the words. Hargrove smiled quietly as he replied:

"You did not come all this distance to tell me that, I suppose, Mr. Clarkson?"

"Well, no," said the other, frankly, "I did not. I came as the representative of Mrs. George Eighmie."

"Indeed!" said Hargrove, lifting his eyes.

"You are surprised, perhaps?" he asked, with a smile.

"At your coming, no; at the title of your embassy, yes," with a light laugh.

"So? You object to my credentials?"

"Not at all. If you are satisfied with them, I am."

"You no doubt know to whom I refer."

"I am sure I have not the slightest idea," replied Hargrove, with significant blandness.

"George Eighmie was your brother, I believe?"

"My half-brother."

"Yes, of course. You were his executor?"

"There is such a record, I believe."

"And the guardian of his children?"

"You say so," smiling.

"I ask you, Mr. Hargrove; I ask you as a man, sir," turning upon him a grave, earnest face, half-flushed with anger at the levity of tone and manner of his listener.

"You have the right to ask, Mr. Clarkson, and I have an equally indubitable right to answer or not, as suits my pleasure."

The visitor regarded him in surprise. He was one of those men who are accustomed to overbear those who converse with them by the mere force of their own directness. Subterfuge was rarely attempted with him.

He was sincerity itself, and not only expected, but almost compelled sincerity from others. That one should think of refusing to answer such an inquiry was a thing most preposterous to him. So he said:

"I am a plain man, Captain Hargrove."

"They call me blunt, sir," said the ex-officer in a tone that fully justified such a description.

"And I ask a plain question," said Clarkson severely, ignoring the other's interjection.

"When you do so you will get a plain answer, sir," was the emphatic reply.

"Humph! Will you tell me, then, whether you were the guardian of your half-brother's children?"

"I will not."

"You will not; why?"

"Because I do not choose to do so."

Clarkson rose and walked quickly once or twice across the room.

"Mr. Hargrove," he said, finally, as he paused near his former seat, "I came here in a spirit of friendship and conciliation to induce you to do justice to an injured and outraged woman."

"Am I to infer that you show your conciliatory spirit by accusing me of the injury and outrage?" asked Hargrove, with a smile.

"She is your brother's widow," said the other, hotly.

"So you have said before."

"And you have not denied—you dare not deny it."

"I do not feel called upon to deny it."

"You have taken her estate and left her in penury. You have separated her from her children and—"

"That will do, Mr. Clarkson. I do not question your motives, but you must remember that I am in my own house—a fact which I may forget if you do not use milder language."

"I beg your pardon, sir," said Clarkson. "The wrong of which this woman's life is only one sad chapter always stirs me to the very marrow. The law which permits such outrages is a vile and infamous thing."

Hargrove made no answer. Clarkson turned away and, after a moment, returned and said:

"If you do not mean to comply with our demands, Mr. Hargrove, why not say so plainly?"

"You have not as yet made any demands. When you do so I will certainly reply distinctly."

"Very well, I will proceed now in form," said Clarkson, resuming his seat. "Here is a power of attorney from the relic of George Eighmie, late of Mallowbanks, planter, whose half-brother and executor you admit yourself to be."

He handed Captain Hargrove a legal document as he spoke.

"Well?"

"By examination you will see that I am authorized by her to demand from you her share of the estate and the custody of her children. Now, what have you to say?"

"Only, Mr. Clarkson, that the law has decided that George Eighmie left no widow and no legitimate children. Through failure of these, his estate fell to me as his heir. What I shall do with it as such is a matter for my own conscience alone. If, as executor of his will, I am in the least in fault, the law offers a remedy."

"Yes, the remedy which the poor have against the rich—the weak against the strong," said Clarkson with a sneer.

"Pardon me, Mr. Clarkson," said Hargrove, rising to his feet, "that is not so. If the woman you call George Eighmie's widow had not you for her friend—the richest man of all this region of wealth and thrift—

she still has me, and knows very well that I would not see any wrong done her by any one, much less be guilty of it myself."

"Yet you hold and enjoy the estate which should have been hers, while she is obliged to seek refuge among strangers."

"Pardon me again, sir," said Hargrove, "the woman of whom you speak is in no need. Whatever I have she is welcome to enjoy. Even now my house is at her disposal, my servants subject to her control."

"Yet she fled from this house in a frenzy of terror."

"A silly, baseless fear, yet one which her sad experience made it not unreasonable that she should entertain. She is a weak, foolish woman at best, and has been made doubly suspicious by the snares into which she has fallen through her own folly and the love of a weak man."

"Perhaps your own conduct gave her ground for suspicion."

"I have reproached myself with the thought that it may have done so, Mr. Clarkson," said Hargrove frankly. "I am free to admit that I do not like her. I never did. She is a vain, selfish, querulous thing, who never had anything but a pretty face to make her attractive to me. Then I have never been able to forget the woe she wrought in my poor brother's life."

"Was it not his fault rather than hers?" sharply.

"Oh, no doubt; but you see, Mr. Clarkson, I loved him, and it is always the one we love who is wronged by misfortune."

"But if you do not want her in your house, why do you not let her have the estate—or a widow's portion of it, at least—give up the children to her charge, and leave her to care for them and herself as she chooses? Certainly you have enough without it. Or, if the law gives it to you, you might at least yield a moiety to her."

"Mr. Clarkson, your remark shows how easily we are misled by our prejudices and prepossessions. If this woman had not been, at one time, a victim of the evils of a system which you regard with peculiar horror and aversion, you would not look upon her case as one of hardship. A good home here or a good support elsewhere—anything in reason, and in fact a good deal more than reason, I am ready to provide."

"But, still, what should have been her own is withheld from her."

"You think so? Let me tell you the facts. When I shall have disposed of that estate according to the wish of George Eighmie, it will have consumed itself and half as much more, and will leave me still to provide out of my own estate for this woman and her children."

"You might at least allow her the control of her own children."

"Your opinion differs from that of George Eighmie. That is all there is of that matter," answered Hargrove. "He left two children to my care. His own relation to them was complex and peculiar. Whether I received them as executor or as guardian is yet an undetermined question, legally. As his brother, however, I have thus far strictly followed his injunctions in regard to them, and intend to do so hereafter, no matter what the consequences."

"Where are they now?"

"Mr. Clarkson, the woman whom you represent knows very well that one of them, the boy, was stolen from my possession, and I have since been unable to find any trace of him. As for the girl—well, she is properly cared for."

"She is about the age of the child I made the acquaintance of here this morning, I believe?"

"Very nearly," said Hargrove, with a smile.

"And resembles her in appearance, too?"

"Perhaps," the smile deepening as he spoke.

"Mr. Hargrove, why is not this mother allowed to see her child?" Clarkson asked the question with deep feeling, and then proceeded: "Put yourself in her place, my dearsir. As you say, her life has been a sad one. She seems to have known poverty and wealth, love and hate; and now to be debarred from her children's caresses is surely a hard lot."

"No one realizes that more than I," rejoined Hargrove with emotion. "I greatly misdoubt the wisdom of my brother's plan; but I pledged him my honor to carry it into effect, and I mean to do it to the letter, if it takes my fortune and my life."

"Surely his plan did not contemplate any such cruelty toward the poor woman who had been his wife—at least in the sight of Heaven."

"I think, sir, that his plan was devised simply with a view to securing the happiness of the children. The law had dealt very harshly with my poor brother's foibles, and he wished to save them from its scath."

"The law, the law?" exclaimed the other hotly, "do you call that *the law*, which separates husband and wife? It is sacrilege, sir! Such an enactment is no law. It is an instrument of iniquity—an outgrowth of that 'league with hell,' the Constitution of the United States!"

His eyes flashed fire under his heavy brows, and his strong face worked with excitement as he spoke.

"That may all be, Mr. Clarkson. I do not pretend to know where the law cuts the line of right too sharply to bind the conscience. This I do know, that George Eighmie enjoined it upon me on his death-bed to do for these children as he would have done had we exchanged places. His purpose was one that my conscience approves though my reason may not. I am doing now what you would do, what any honorable man would do. What his purpose was, I have never revealed to any one. Should I live to see it accomplished, no one will ever know it save from such rough guesses as you may make. If I die before that work is completed, I will leave it in good and honest hands. Mr. Clarkson," he added, suddenly laying his hand upon the latter's shoulder, "if I should die before the youngest of these children arrives at maturity this trust will devolve on you."

"On me?"

"Yes, on you. I have long been thinking of one whom I could make my successor, and our conversation to-day has brought me to this decision."

"I will not touch it, sir, I will not touch it!"

"I think you will, sir. No honest man will ever refuse another honest man a just and reasonable request. At least, if you will not act yourself, you will select some one to act in my place."

"I refuse, sir, I refuse, utterly and absolutely, now and forever," said Clarkson, moving toward the door.

"You will not, sir, when he who asks is dead?"

"I will not hear of it! If you think you are doing right, go on. I shall not trouble you. But what shall I say to—to this woman?"

"Tell her that George Eighmie asked me to provide for her every reasonable comfort, and that not one syllable of what I promised him shall ever fall while Merwyn Hargrove lives."

"And if she wishes to return? You will make her welcome, I suppose?"

"No; I have no welcome for her. I wish she might elect not to return; but, if she insists on coming, my

house is open, and she shall have no reason to complain of any lack of respect while here."

"And the little girl, she will be allowed to assume her old relation to her, I suppose?"

"To Hilda? Oh, yes; though she is getting past the need of a nurse, which is about the limit of her capacity."

"But you will not separate them?"

"Not unless she abuses my confidence. In that case, of course, I shall lose no time in ridding myself of her presence."

"Of course. Well, I will tell her. I think that is the best she can do."

"I should prefer, Mr. Clarkson, that you should say what is a reasonable allowance for her and let me pay it into your hands."

"No, sir; no, sir; I drop the matter from this moment. It is evidently one of the accursed secrets of slavery, of which I have already heard too many. By the way, Captain Hargrove, I am surprised that, with the sad experiences which you have known, you should still be an advocate of the system which produces them."

"I do not know that I am an advocate of it; but I was born where it prevailed, and, while I appreciate its evils, I do not see how they can be remedied."

"The remedy is freedom!" said Clarkson, enthusiastically; "make the negro a man and he will soon take care of himself."

"Pshaw! Mr. Clarkson. I have seen the negro at home and abroad, free and slave, and I know the people of the South. I have myself set free more slaves than all the Abolitionists in the State of New York."

"You?"

"Yes, I," he repeated, in a contemptuous tone, "and I have now no particle of interest in a slave, except through the will of George Eighmie."

"Indeed?"

"Yes, and I don't mind saying that I don't want any more slave property. I believe I would rather be poor than have it. Yet, I am not sure that slavery itself is a sin, and I am not surprised at a man who inherited slaves along with his family Bible hanging on to them just as strongly as he sticks to that."

"Yet that does not make it right."

"Granted. Neither does the fact that liberty is abstractly right make universal freedom desirable."

"I do not see why."

"You do not? Why if, by a miracle, the slaves were freed to-day, they would be re-enslaved or annihilated in

a week. It is impossible and absurd to think of. Freedom cannot be where there are two races, almost equal in numbers, one of which has been the master and the other servile. It can never be—never, sir, unless the spirit of the one is broken and the manhood of the other developed. The path from slavery to freedom must always be a long and hard one. I do not see how the American slave can ever set his foot in it. Slavery has been a hard master, but it has taught him much. He is infinitely above his congener on the African coast, but he is not yet able to go alone. Isolated from the white race, he lapses into barbarism without fail. The problem, which seems so simple to you, Mr. Clarkson, is a terrible and bloody one to me. You may, perhaps, set the slave at liberty. It looks now as if the time would come which my Rietta was always prophesying, when the land will be riven by the conflict, and slavery be drowned in blood. It may come, and you may live to see it, though I do not think you will. But, if you do, remember what I tell you to-day. A slave may be freed in an hour; a free man cannot be made in many a day."

The two men stood gazing earnestly into each other's faces. They were splendid types. The one dark and swarthy, with a hint of Southern sunshine in his eye, his long beard and a certain litheness of form distinguishing him from the other, who, not less stalwart in frame, had a tawny tinge in his beard and a clear light in his blue eye that told of generations that had looked up at frozen winter skies. Of the two, the latter was by far the more carefully dressed. He was graceful without the languid ease of the other, and more readily awakened to engrossing interest, though perhaps less intensely excited when his interest was once aroused.

"You may be right," said Clarkson, earnestly, and extending his hand as he spoke. "I can appreciate your feeling, though I do not share your apprehension. To my mind, you omit one important factor—indeed, the most important."

"What is that?" asked Hargrove, as he took the proffered hand.

"God!" said the other, in a tone of the utmost solemnity. "I can only see the evil that is, and hear a voice calling me to tear it down, and trust Him to provide a remedy for that which shall come after."

They looked at each other for a moment in silence. Then they parted, each to ponder the thoughts the other had expressed.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"AT SEA."

I STAND by the shore, and look over the sea,

Where sailed my lover away;

Where sailed my lover a year ago—

A weary year and a day.

The tide comes in and the tide goes out,

And the waves are high and low;

The sun comes up and the sun goes down,

And the days are dreary and slow.

Oh, love, dear love! is there never a wind

To waft you home to me?

Is there never a breeze to waft my voice

To where you sail on the sea?

Oh, the sea is wide and the sea is deep,

And rolls 'neath the moon and sun;

The days are long and the days are cold,

And a gloom has touched each one.

No more for me till I see your face

Will the sunshine reach my heart;

Nor the skies above shine glad and blue

While you and I are apart.

So set your sails from the distant shores

And turn you back to me,

And bring me back your own true heart

From over the cruel sea.

M. D. BRINE.

DUST.

BY JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

AUTHOR OF "BRESSANT," "SEBASTIAN STROME," "IDOLATRY," "GARTH," ETC.

CHAPTER XXI.

Mrs. LOCKHART met Sir Francis at the door; he greeted her in a voice louder than ordinary, but harsh, as if the conventional instinct in him had overstrained itself in the effort to hold its own. An analogous conflict between the shuddering emotion within and the social artifices to disguise it, was manifest in his face, which rigidly and, as it were, violently performed the usual motions of smiling and elegantly composing itself when all the while these polite antics were betrayed and falsified by the grim reality of ghastly pallor and suspense. And there was no necessity for the baronet to maintain the customary elaboration of his fine manners. No one would have expected it of him under the present circumstances: on the contrary, it would have had a repugnant effect, even had he been actor enough to make the pretense seem genuine. But men like Sir Francis, who have trained their minor natural impulses to wear stays and turn out their toes (so to say), are liable to be thus embarrassed by the fearful summons of some real passion of the heart: they pitifully strive to clothe the giant in the pigmy's bag-wig and small-clothes, and are too much bewildered to perceive the measureless incongruity.

"Good morning, madam; charmed to see you looking so well," were the baronet's first words to poor Mrs. Lockhart, who immediately burst into tears, partly because she thought Sir Francis had gone mad, and partly because the contrast between her feelings and his observation was so grotesque. "Is—er—are all well, I hope?" he proceeded, while the questioning agony in his bloodless lips and staring eyes seemed to belong to another being than he who uttered the meaningless phrases.

"I only hope you may not have come too late, dear Sir Francis," she said, instinctively replying to his look instead of to his words. "Poor Mr. Grant—he was murdered outright, but your son . . ." she faltered, and resumed her tears . . .

The baronet stood at the foot of the stairs, with his hat under his arm and one knee bent—a most unexceptionable attitude. He was dressed at least as fastidiously as usual, only that, in shaving, he had accidentally cut his cheek, and the blood had trickled down and stained his else immaculate white stock. This little mishap might fancifully be regarded as symbolical of his moral state at the moment. He awaited something further from Mrs. Lockhart; but at length, as she did not speak, he said carefully, "Grant murdered! I cannot believe it! He parted from me, not twelve hours ago, in such capital health and spirits." Then, after another pause, he bent forward and added in a grating whisper, as if confidentially, "The message that summoned me here mentioned the name of my son—Thomas. Pardon a father's anxiety—alluding to him at such a moment. But . . . nothing wrong . . . eh?"

"Oh, Sir Francis! the surgeon says he cannot live; but he was very brave: it was while he was trying to protect Mr. Grant that he was struck. Oh, how can any one be so wicked!"

A peculiar sound escaped from the baronet's throat, and his upper lip drew slowly back so as to reveal the teeth. It seemed to Mrs. Lockhart as if he were laughing; but only a madman could laugh at such a juncture, and she trembled with horror. It was immediately evident, however, that Sir Francis was simply in the grip of a horror vastly greater than hers, and that it had momentarily mastered him. Presently his eyes rolled, his head swayed forward, and, had he not grasped the balusters, he would have fallen. But calling up all his energies, he commanded himself a little, and, without attempting to speak, began the ascent of the stairs. Just then a door opened above, and Perdita's voice said in a hushed tone:

"Sir Francis, are you there?"

He stopped, and looked upward; then, still in silence, he mounted the remaining stairs with a labored movement, and arrived, tremulous and panting on the landing. Perdita was standing at the door of Philip's room. Her brows were drawn down, and her eyes, quick, dark and bright, scrutinized the baronet with a troubled expression.

"Is he there?" the latter inquired.

"Who?" said Perdita, reluctantly.

Sir Francis stared; then half lifted his hands and said: "I know about Grant: dead: can hardly believe it: left me last night in such health and spirits: but Tom . . . as Tom's my son . . . is he . . .?"

"You are too late," said Perdita, glancing away from him as she spoke. "Poor Tom; he deserved something better."

"Let me go to him," said Sir Francis, moving forward with a groping gesture, like one walking in the dark. He pushed past Perdita and entered the room. She remained for a moment on the threshold, following him with her eyes, and seeming inclined to retire and leave him; but she ended by stepping within and closing the door after her.

Sir Francis, however, was now unconscious of everything except that which lay on the bed before him. Tom's hands rested beside him on the coverlet; his father lifted one of them, and let it fall again. He then sat down on the side of the bed, raised the upper part of the body and supported it on his arm, bending his face close to that of the dead boy, and giving vent at intervals, below his breath, to a kind of groaning sound, the most piteous that had ever fallen on Perdita's ears. She remained leaning against the door, with an air of painful contemplation.

After what seemed a long time, and was undoubtedly long if measured by its spiritual effects, the baronet's moanings gradually subsided into silence; the veins in his forehead, which had become swollen and dark with the accumulation of blood to the brain, returned to their normal state, and the man sat erect, gazing into vacancy, with a demeanor of pallid and stony immobility. Thought seemed to be at a standstill within him, and even the susceptibility to suffering had become torpid. He sat thus so long that at length Perdita's restless temperament could endure the pause no more, and she spoke.

"Leave him now, Sir Francis. I wish to tell you something."

He betrayed no sign of having heard her. By-and-by she advanced to the bed, and stood directly in front of him.

"What do you wish me to do with this?" she demanded, holding up the sealed enclosure which had accompanied Grant's letter.

"These are not business hours," said Sir Francis, sluggishly. "Tom and I are taking a holiday. Our work is done."

"His work is done, but not yours: you cannot have the privileges of death until you die," Perdita answered.

"I know more about death than you imagine," responded the baronet, in the same halting tone. "You needn't grudge me the privileges: I have the rest."

"I am sorry for you—sorrower than I should have thought I could be," said Perdita; "but there are some things which must be said between us: for my father is dead as well as your son; and since I can no longer learn from him, you must hear and answer me. Come, Sir Francis; I have always had my way with you in the end."

"No one has any weapons against me now; they're all here!" said the baronet, laying his finger on Tom's shoulder with the word.

"I mean to know the truth, however," returned Perdita, with a resolution that sat strangely on her subtle and changeable beauty. "It was Tom himself who told me the man who called himself Grant was my father: the rest is contained in this enclosure; shall I read it, or will you speak?"

"How came you by that?" inquired the baronet, for the first time fixing his eyes upon the packet in her hand.

"It was found, addressed to me, in the pocket of Charles Grantley's coat. But first, listen to this letter, which accompanied it."

"Not here!" said the other, lifting his hand. "Would you dishonor me in my boy's presence?"

"He knew enough to make him suspect you before he died."

Sir Francis shrank as if he had been stung. "Don't tell me that!" he exclaimed. "You may call me a robber and a murderer, if you like, and tell the world of it; I may have failed in everything else, but I kept my boy's confidence—he never doubted me a moment . . . did he?" At the last words his voice fell from passionate assertion to quavering entreaty.

"You are not much of a man," said Perdita coldly. "You should not be a villain if you fear to face the consequences and to stand alone. Tom was more manly than you; he despised you because you were afraid of Grantley, instead of crushing him, or, at least, defying him. And has no one suffered besides you?" she continued, with rising fire. "See what you have made of me! If my father had been with me, to love me, and for me to love and honor, I should not have been what I am. You parted us—as I now believe by a cowardly and slanderous falsehood. You brought me up to think the thoughts of a woman of the world and a libertine while I was still a child. You gave me nothing to care for but my own success—for money and power; and at last you married me to a worn-out formalist, whose very virtues made sin seem delightful. I have never had help or sympathy from a human soul, and that dead boy is the only creature who ever honestly loved me—and he would not have done it if he had known me! But, thanks to you, I can't even be sorry for my failings now; I know more than I feel! I know when I've been injured,

though I can't feel the injury, and I mean to have what is due me. I have believed all my life that my father was an embezzler and a scoundrel, a man whose name and connection were a disgrace: a millstone round my neck; some one whom I was to remember only to forget and deny—and now, when it is too late to be of any good to me, because I am too old to change, and when he is dead, I am to find out that you and not he have been the villain! I have heard you whimpering over your boy, and I pitied you; but why should I pity you? Whom did you ever pity? If you had a glimmer of nobility left in you, you would be glad that he died before you were exposed and shamed. And you shall be exposed and shamed: I will do it! Here are your good name and prosperity, in this packet. Are you ready to see it published?" She held the packet at arm's length before his face; there was something almost appalling in the sparkle of her eyes and the bitter movement of her lips.

Sir Francis had listened to this harangue at first with a tremor of the nerves, as one who awaits the fall of a thunderbolt; then even the strength to fear seemed to lapse away, and he sat gazing at Perdita with a dull, unresponsive countenance, while she kindled more and more with the story of her wrongs and resolve to retaliate. When she ended with her fierce question he said heavily, "Do what you like, my dear. You don't know all. The letters are interesting—I'd have risked hanging to get 'em last night; but I don't care to raise my hand for 'em now. You don't know all. I've struck myself a deadlier blow than you can strike me, with all the world at your back. Do what you like, and then . . . leave me alone with my boy. He and I may laugh over this some day—who knows!"

Perdita looked at him curiously. "Sir Francis," she said, "do you admit all these accusations? Remember, I haven't read these letters; they are sealed still; I have no sure grounds yet for my suspicions. For all I could prove, you may be innocent—unless these letters are the proof. Are they or not?"

"I suppose they are," was his reply, in the same tone as before. "I don't know what else they can be. Do what you like, my dear."

"Well, we shall see," said Perdita, after a pause. She turned and walked to the door and opened it. The door of Mr. Grant's room, on the other side of the landing, was ajar, and Marion was visible within. Perdita beckoned to her. Marion probably supposed that the Marquise was going to inform her of Tom's death, for she came forward at once with a face full of tender compassion and sympathy. The influences of the past night and morning had wrought an effect in Marion's nature and aspect like the blossoming-out of a flower, whose delicate freshness had heretofore been veiled within a rough calyx. Such changes are scarcely to be described in set terms, belonging, as they do, rather to the spirit than to the body; the outward signs seemed limited to a certain ennobling of the forms and movements of the face, a soft shining of the eyes, and an eloquent modulation of the voice. The imperious flush and angry preoccupation of Perdita's countenance, while they emphasized her beauty, put her on a level of attractiveness inferior to Marion's at this moment, despite the latter's comparative plainness.

"Can anything be done to help?" Marion asked as she came in. But as soon as she caught sight of Sir Francis she paused and murmured, "Ah, poor soul! I wish I could comfort him."

"He seems resigned," said Perdita, ungently. "Death alters us all, Marion, whether we die or survive. I am

resigned, too; though my lover is dead in this room, and my father in that!"

"Mr. Grant . . ."

"Yes, Mr. Grant—Charles Grantley, my father; who was accused of high crimes and misdemeanors, and driven into exile, and who came back to England to see his daughter and be murdered by a footpad. You were fond of him, were you not?"

"Whoever he was, he committed no crime," said Marion loftily.

"Why, so I think. But up to this time it has been made to appear otherwise. If he was not guilty, he has been greatly wronged, has he not?"

Marion seemed about to answer impetuously; but her eyes fell upon Sir Francis, and she compressed her lips and was silent.

"He has been a by-word of contempt and dishonor for twenty years," Perdita continued, "and now he has died with the stain still upon him. If he was innocent, that seems a pity, doesn't it? I am his daughter, and my honor is involved in his. You had a father: what would you have done in my place?"

"I would have found the proof of his innocence, if it was in the world."

"Well, and what then?"

"I should be content . . . I hope."

"I am not content!" exclaimed Perdita. "What use is the proof, unless to give him back his honorable name, and to punish the man who betrayed him? I have some letters sealed up here that will do all that, I think; and Sir Francis Bendibow must be content to hear them read, and . . ."

"Do not do it, Perdita," interposed Marion, in a low but urgent voice. "His heart is broken already."

"What is that to me?" the other returned. "His broken heart will not mend my father's good name."

"Your father is dead," said Marion, "and you would kill him again if you do not let his spirit live in you."

Why should you reveal the secret that he kept all his life? If he chose to suffer unjustly, it was because he was too noble to vindicate himself. He bequeathes his nobility to you; and you should spare his enemies, since he spared them."

"This is a practical world," Perdita remarked, with an odd smile; "I'm afraid it would misinterpret such refined generosity. However, your idea is interesting and original; I've a mind to adopt it. It would be amusing, for once, to mount a moral pedestal above one's friends. But I can't make an angel of myself in a moment: I shall give this packet to you to keep for me: if I were to read the contents I should never be able to hold my tongue. Here—take it quickly, before my pedestal crumbles! Well, Sir Francis, I wish you joy; you are an honest man again!"

"If I had not been sure your father was innocent, I should know it now," said Marion. "Wicked men do not have such daughters."

"Thank you, my dear; you must let me kiss you for that; though my virtue is not my own, but yours. Now take me into the other room; I wish to see my father before I go."

Marion accompanied her to the chamber where Charles Grantley lay, and would have left her at the threshold, but Perdita kept fast hold of her hand, and drew her in. They stood beside the bed and looked down at the quiet face.

"What are hardships?" said Perdita after awhile. "Are they what happen to us, or what we create in ourselves? He seems at peace. Hardships are hard hearts. Good-by, father. After all . . . you might have kept your daughter with you!"

After giving some directions about the body, she departed. But Sir Francis still remained in Lancaster's chamber, with his son in his arms. Their holiday was not over.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AFTER MARRIAGE.

THERE is danger of interpreting too literally the old, worn-out quotation,

"Two souls with but a single thought—
Two hearts that beat as one."

The two souls that had but a single thought would be very narrow souls indeed, and the chances are that they would speedily get tired of that single thought. A honeymoon may fitly be a moon for two only; and I like the English fashion of going off to pass it in some quiet spot, better than the American one of "Their Wedding Journey," when the trunks and their contents are alike new, and every detail speaks of the recent ceremony. But even a wedding journey may be a season of sweet and sacred isolation—and there is, perhaps, something in the very restraint that travel imposes upon tenderness which makes the end of each day's journey a special delight—gives it something of the zest of meeting after parting.

Out of a lifetime, it is not too much to take this one bright, brief month for solitude *à deux*, the world forgetting, by the world forgot. But after this moon of enchantment is over, and real life must begin, it is important to begin it with true theories instead of false ones.

It is true, no doubt, that two people who are not only

married but mated can suffice for each other. They are not likely to weary of each other's society—their interests are one, their hopes, their desires. They could go to the end of the world, if need were, to India, to Australia, to the North Pole, if they could find their way there, and, having each other, be everywhere content. They could live for years as two very strong and real people, whom I happen to know, did live, in the midst of an absolutely alien and hostile community, and suffice to each other. But because they *could* do this, it does not follow that it is the best life.

One likes sometimes to read other poets than Shakespeare, though one would prefer him to any of his lesser brethren, as the companion of years of captivity. It is a better and a healthier thing for two human creatures, even the most loving and the most beloved, to live to some degree among other people—to interest themselves in other lives, and thus bring some variety into their own. A widowed mother said to me the other day, in speaking of a grown-up, unmarried daughter, from whom she had scarcely been separated in a dozen years, "We are so silent together that I half think we shall lose the power of speech. We are in perfect sympathy, but our life has no new events, and we have talked the

old ones over so many times. We know each other's faith, hopes, beliefs, experiences, as we know our own, so what is there to talk about?"

I can conceive that this same state of things might come to pass in a very happy and united marriage, if the married pair lived chiefly in solitude. Worse things than this might, of course, befall them. To lose their perfect understanding of each other would be far worse—but it would be a healthier life to be more associated with their fellows. To be too isolated is apt to induce that too easy familiarity which breeds, if not contempt, disenchantment.

And yet there is another danger not to be ignored in too intimate association with others. Jealousy, which somebody has called "the fond injustice of an unsatisfied heart," is a very real thing; and scarcely any gain could be a sufficient reward for making acquaintance with its tortures. Love ought to be exalted above these pains—yes, just as the human constitution ought to be strong enough to secure it from a sudden cold, a chance indigestion. Unfortunately, as a matter of fact, neither mind nor body is proof against disease, and if a man or a woman loves truly and nobly, he or she will avoid the remotest possibility of inflicting the keen and cruel tortures of jealousy on the one who has given the whole devotion of heart and life.

There are persons to whom jealousy is so impossible that they have no patience with it in others; but this freedom from the emotion may have its root in two widely different qualities. It may arise from such absolute faith in the object beloved that the very thought which distrusted that person's entire and absolute affection would seem almost insulting—or it may come from that overweening faith in one's own power to attract which can imagine no rival possible. Jealousy, on the other hand, may arise from a selfish, ungenerous, grudging spirit; or it may spring from a profound sense of the value of love, and a haunting doubt of one's own power to hold forever so great a treasure.

To state the case phrenologically—jealousy, where there is no especial, unmistakable cause and justification, is usually the result of small self-esteem and large approbateness. This combination implies a strong desire for love, united to a haunting doubt of one's own power to win and hold it, and is the fruitful and frequent parent of unfounded jealousy. Let the person who is the victim of this phrenological misfortune strive earnestly against the tendency it begets; but also let the husband or wife who has not been born to this evil inheritance of self-distrust be pitiful toward it, and understand that the misery it occasions is very real and bitter.

What if a man does feel perfectly sure that he can make a very intimate friend of some charming woman without the slightest danger to his good faith toward

the wife he loves; yet, if she cannot see the friendship in the same light, and finds in it occasion for the bitter tortures of jealousy, should it not seem to him a small sacrifice to abstain from it that she who loves him best may be spared such suffering? We cannot afford to treat those who are dear to us as if they were culprits, whose weaknesses we had some special commission to punish. What if they do deserve this or that retribution, shall we be happier for having inflicted it? When the day comes on which the eyes we love are blind to all sights, the ears deaf to all sounds, and the lips from which we would crave a late pardon are dumb, shall we be happier to think that we have been the sword of justice to this dead who was so dear?

I think one mistake into which women perhaps fall more frequently than men is that of expecting too much by way of what, for want of a better word, I will call love-making. Too much love, truth, tenderness, devotion we cannot expect. Those qualities are what a noble love means—its spirit and its essence—but the continued lover-like expression of love belongs to the unrestful days of wooing or the half-acquaintanceship of early marriage. There comes a time to men when the dearest and holiest things are rather *lived* than *spoken*, and the woman makes a mistake who feels herself unloved because the fervors of early utterance are absent from the speech of her husband.

One of the ablest novels of last year was Mrs. Lynn Linton's "Under which Lord." I do not mean to indorse its theories or to deny a cruel one-sidedness in the harsh portrait of the ritualist "Superior;" but the book was simply masterly when regarded as the character-study of a weak but loving woman. Hermione loved her husband, but she could not understand his devotion—deeper than life and stronger than death—because it was silent. She longed for the diversion of sentimentality, the excitement of lovers' quarrels and reconciliations. Her husband, on the other hand, loved her with a love as much deeper than words as the silent, fathomless pool is deeper than the wayside brook that babbles as it goes. And because the deep waters do not sparkle fitfully in the sun, and because she has no line wherewith to fathom their profound stillness, Hermione's heart doubts the love which is too great for her shallower nature to comprehend, and she turns weakly to an attraction half religious and wholly sentimental, which pleases her fancy but never for one moment satisfies her heart.

The lesson is a lesson for two, and is worth learning. Men should remember that women hunger for words, and not wait, as Carlyle did, to breathe their vain remorse and despair beside a grave; and women should understand that a man's truth is not to be measured by his professions, and that the deepest emotion is perhaps too often silent.

LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

GOLDEN ROD.

O'er the dusty roadside bending
With its wondrous weight of gold,
Can it be the rod enchanted
Midas used in days of old?

Hush! perchance it is a princess
In the sunlight nodding there,
Spell-bound by the wicked fairy—
Sleepy little Golden-Hair!

Nay, it is Belshazzar's banquet,
Where the drowsy monarch sups
With his swarm of courtiers, drinking
From the sacred, golden cups.

See, I pluck his tiny kingdom—
Long ago it was decreed—
And divide it, dear, between us,
You the Persian, I the Mede.

WILLIS B. ALLEN.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

The National Log-Rolling.

SENATORS SHERMAN AND HOAR are the first of the members of the present Congress to undertake the defense of the River and Harbor appropriation. The grounds upon which each bases his own defense are amusingly different. The former takes the broad, optimistic Western view that the country is only half-grown, and so can afford to be taxed in the present for the sake of a mythical future. He stands upon the old and once popular notion that "Uncle Sam is rich enough to give us all a farm," and that it is consequently the duty of his trustees to make such division of his assets as will give the most farms. He faces the matter boldly, and advertises for an era of log-rolling by declaring that he wishes to see in every considerable city a public building *with the flag floating over it*. This unconscious parody of Colonel Sellers very fairly characterizes the defense which the Ohio Senator makes of the nineteen-million-dollar appropriation for ditches, mill-ponds and swamp-draining. It is an appeal to the elastic "bigness" of the American people—a plea for lavishness because the hoard is so great that no extravagance can exhaust it. It is a Fourth of July, sky-scraping piece of boastfulness that would have done honor to the audacity of the frontier statesman of a generation ago.

On the other hand, Mr. Hoar makes a defense which is as peculiarly Eastern as that of Mr. Sherman is Western. Indeed, it may even be more definitely characterized as a Massachusetts defense, for he puts the Bay State always foremost in it, and the nation comes dangling after like an appendage of little moment. He did right to vote to override the veto, he says, because he did as Massachusetts had taught him to do. That Commonwealth had aided in building railways, and so he thought the nation ought, just at this time, to engage in harbor-hunting along the gulfs and sounds, and in a wholesale reclamation of swamp lands held by private title. But he adds a reason that had escaped Mr. Sherman's notice. He says a good part of this fund is to be spent among people that have been in a state of chronic hostility to the government for some time, and he thought it would improve their mental condition to scatter a few pennies among them. This is the plain English of his second ground of defense.

In addition to these, he puts up also the school-boy plea of innocent intent. "I did not mean to do any wrong, and therefore, should be held blameless," is in effect the language of the Massachusetts Senator. He forgets that in his position a blunder is even worse than a crime. Men are not elected Senators to make even honest mistakes upon such important matters. It is not seriously a question of Mr. Hoar's good intentions. There may be some who will think that the Senator's red-eyed hostility to President Arthur may have led him to embrace with peculiar readiness an opportunity to override his veto. Very good men are sometimes swayed by just such motives, and have, no doubt, mistaken them in some instances for patriotism. Mr. Hoar is notably a good hater, and there is little question that, to his mind, an opportunity to hit the object of his dislike is very close akin to the service of God and the country. The question of motive, however, is of minor importance. The real inquiry is, ought these extravagant appropriations to have been made at this time? If "yes," then the Senator needs no defense; if "no," then no excuse for his conduct can be found. It is an offense that cannot be palliated.

It is a significant fact that the Senators from these two States, Ohio and Massachusetts, were the first to be put on the defensive as to this measure. The public press,

with singular unanimity, had condemned the bill even before it became a law. The public sentiment in these two States, both of which are notable for a tendency to do their own thinking, compelled an early utterance on the part of both their leading representatives, in order to break the force of public disapproval. It is fair to presume that they have said all that can be said in favor of the appropriation. They have solemnly declared themselves not only in favor of this particular measure, but of the continued and extended application of the principles underlying it. If sustained and indorsed, it is evident that they may be relied upon year by year to continue this policy to an extent which it is impossible now to ascertain.

This is not a party question, since both parties shared almost equally in its enactment; but it is a question of political morality which attaches directly to the individuals who supported it. The legislator is a trustee, not for his district or State, but for the whole country. He is charged with the management of national affairs upon business principles. All the funds coming into the Treasury above those required for the economical administration of the government and the preparation to meet possible dangerous contingencies, are dedicated by the highest honor and repeated pledges to the payment of the public debt. We are continuing in force a most onerous and oppressive system of taxation, which is collected in a manner peculiarly repugnant to free men, upon the single plea that the public debt renders it necessary. A surplus income might, perhaps be well enough expended in this manner, but while the burden of the war is yet upon our shoulders we have no right to add to our liabilities except for the most pressing and immediate contingencies. This is unquestionably the tone of public sentiment. It is also the dictate of public honor and private virtue. Nations, as well as men, should be just before they are generous; they should pay their debts before they enter upon new speculations. They should provide against impending perils before they indulge in luxury or engage in questionable indulgence. The Mississippi River no doubt needs dyking from source to mouth—so does many another stream that has a "cantankerous" way of getting "on a swell" at the wrong time—but that fact does not justify the taking of money from the taxpayer under the pretense of paying the public debt, and then investing it in a new venture.

If the River and Harbor appropriation is of such paramount necessity as to entitle its objects to precedence of the public debt, then the men who supported it are not only wise men, but true patriots, and, in a sense, heroes. In that case, the cheerful courage with which they overrode not only the veto, but also that almost universal public opinion that stood behind it, should entitle them to the gratitude and support of the whole people, whose honor they had in charge, and whose money they expended with such an heroic disregard of personal consequences. The act is not one that can stand on any middle ground. It is either especially meritorious or thoroughly discreditable. The men who did it ought either to be commended without stint, or rebuked without considering their party affiliations.

How plain, practical Philadelphia was once a dream, and how that dream was realized, is told in the leading article of this number and illustrated by portraits and drawings from the best authorities. "The Twin Lakes of Colorado" are very cleverly sketched with pen and pencil by Mr. Colin C. Cooper. John Greenleaf Whittier con-

tributes a poem entitled "An Autograph," which in the author's manuscript would indeed be a priceless addition to one of the commonly insipid volumes termed albums. Another poem is by Helen Olmsted, and entitled "Fan's Fans." Harriet Prescott Spofford tells a love-story in her own inimitable style. The completion of Jill's house draws on apace in Chapter XVII. of Mr. Gardner's architectural romance; and in "Hot Plowshares" a promising business engagement is formed between oddly-assorted partners, while an important new character, a famous abolitionist, is introduced upon the scene. By many of our middle-aged readers this character will be recognized as a portrait drawn from life.

BOOK NOTES.

In the few years since the appearance of "Ecce Homo," with the outcry of protest that followed, the religious world has taken at least one step forward and admits at last that the man who questions is not necessarily a candidate for perdition, and that religion and science may yet be found side by side in the joint search for truth. It is with this last conviction that Professor Seeley writes, and in "Natural Religion," 16mo., pp. 251, \$1.25, Roberts Brothers, Boston, we have the ripened fruit of the time that has intervened since his first protest against popular conceptions and beliefs. He insists that the whole area need not be given up to the whirlwind of dispute and denial, the vociferations of parties moved only by "the infatuation of party spirit, always exaggerating differences and failing to recognize points of agreement. Thus far the history of the church has been continuous warfare against every new truth in science or art, till forced by evidence too powerful to be denied, to yield a grudging assent to a self-evident proposition."

"Those who believe in Nature may deny God, but those who believe in God, believe, as a matter of course, in Nature also, since God includes Nature, as the whole includes a part." Even if the supernatural be rejected, there still remains, not the God of theology, but a God worthy of all worship, and in such worship lies the "Natural Religion," whose claims are powerfully put by the author; so powerfully that, even when disagreeing most heartily, the reader must admit that the argument not only is unanswerable, but, if accepted, will end much "vain disputing." The passage quoted is, in many points, a summary of the spirit and purpose of the book, which is worthy of careful reading as the work of a candid and truth-seeking mind.

"But if, on the one hand, the study of Nature be one part of the study of God, is it not true, on the other, that he who believes only in Nature is a theist, and has a theology? Men slide easily from the most momentous controversies into the most contemptible logomachies. If we will look at things, and not merely at words, we shall soon see that the scientific man has a theology and a God, a most impressive theology, a most awful and glorious God. I say that man believes in a God who feels himself in the presence of a Power which is not himself and is immeasurably above himself, a Power in the contemplation of which he is absorbed, in the knowledge of which he finds safety and happiness. And such now is Nature to the scientific man. I do not now say that it is good or satisfying to worship such a God, but I say that no class of men since the world began have ever more truly believed in a God, or more ardently, or with more conviction, worshiped Him. Comparing their religion in its fresh youth to the present confused forms of Christianity, I think a bystander would say that though Christianity had in it something far higher and deeper and more ennobling, yet the average scientific man worships just at present a more awful, and, as it were, a greater Deity than the average Christian. In so many Christians the Idea of God has been degraded by childish and little-minded teaching; the Eternal and the Infinite and the All-embracing has been represented as the head of a clerical interest, as a sort of clergyman, as a sort of schoolmaster, as a sort of philanthropist. But the scientific man *knows* Him to be eternal; in astronomy, in geology, he becomes familiar with the countless millenniums of His lifetime. The scientific man strains his mind actually to realize God's infinity. As far off as the fixed stars he traces Him, 'distance inexpressible by numbers that have name.' Meanwhile, to the theologian, infinity and eternity are very much of empty words when applied to the Object of his worship. He does not realize them in actual facts and definite computations."

AMONG English writers of stories for children very few have the charm of Mrs. Molesworth, who, in her latest volume, "Summer Stories for Boys and Girls," Macmillan & Co., New York, \$1.50, is at her best and brightest. "The Goose Girl" is especially charming, and any boy or girl will be happy who comes into possession of the pretty volume, whether in summer or winter.

It is a bold man who "drops into poetry" with any expectation of being heard, and yet, in the crowd of aspirants are many who, if they could but have sung a hundred years ago, would have merited the name of poet more truly than many embalmed in English literature. "Atlas," by Charles Leonard Moore, John J. Potter & Co., Philadelphia, has some strong, fine passages, but there are frequent reminders of both Browning and Shelley, and, while there is power, it falls short of any attainment that can reach the popular mind.

AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS.

TWO volumes of Professor Knight's annotated edition of Wordsworth have just appeared in London, illustrated with some charming etchings.

MR. SAMUEL LONGFELLOW begins work the first of October on the biography of his famous brother, and will live in Cambridge until its completion.

"THE PEAK IN DARIEN," Miss Frances Power Cobbe's new book, is to be republished in Boston by George H. Ellis, her authorized publisher in this country.

ZOLA proposes to venture in another field, and his new novel, "Le Bonheur des Dames," is said to have a heroine of the saintly type, though the conception is likely to be tinged with earthliness.

MACMILLAN & Co., who have for some time been issuing cheap American editions of many of their best publications, have brought out one of Butcher and Lang's prose versions of the Odyssey.

THE *Athenaeum* has lately given a series of talks with Trelawney by William M. Rossetti, and quotes him as saying of Walt Whitman's "Leaves of Grass," that he "found in it the material of poetry, but not poetry itself."

THE poems of Mary Clemmer and of Margaret E. Sangster will be brought out this fall by J. R. Osgood & Co., whose list is both full and attractive, including Mr. Howell's "Modern Instance," and "Nantucket Scraps" by Mrs. Jane G. Austin.

CASSELL, PETER & GALPIN are to bring out for the holidays an edition of Dickens' "Boots at the Holly Tree Inn," with sixteen full-page illustrations chromo-lithographed in ten colors, and sixteen illustrations in black and white designed by J. C. Beard.

HARPER & Bros. announce a new novel from Miss Constance Fennimore Woolson, to begin in the November number of the *Magazine*, and entitled, "For the Major." A series of short stories by Charles Reade are also to be given, written expressly for the *Magazine*.

THE fall list of G. P. Putnam's Sons includes several notable books, among them being "Social Equality; a Study in a Missing Science," by W. H. Mallock, and "The Development of Constitutional Liberty in the English Colonies," a historical study, by Eben G. Scott.

THE widow of the late James T. Fields edits a volume from his pen entitled, "Notes on Men and Their Books," which will appear during the autumn. No man was better capable of forming such judgments, and no one ever gave them with more thorough kindness, whether for or against.

A DISCOVERY has been made in Salonica which will interest physicians the world over. The MS. works of Galen, supposed to have been lost, have been found by a M. Papageorges. They date from the fifteenth century, and seem to have originally formed 248 sheets, eighty of which are missing, and various others are badly worm-eaten.

MR. ALDRICH, at present in Russia, will find ready on his return a complete edition of his poems; with thirty fine illustrations, designed and engraved by the Boston Paint and Clay Club. A limited number of copies are to be issued in illuminated paper flexible covers, the remainder being bound in new-fashioned

flexible cloth covers. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., the publishers, also announce a new edition of Hawthorne's writings, with a bibliographical introduction to each novel by Mr. George P. Lathrop, and "The Autocrat at the Breakfast Table," with additions and annotations by the author.

STUDENTS of early English will be interested in a discovery described by a correspondent of the London *Times*, who writes: "A copy of a work printed by Caxton, being the English version of the celebrated French medieval romance of the 'Four Sons of Aymon' has been for some time known by minute Caxtonian scholars to be in existence in Earl Spencer's library at Althorp. In default of the printer's name, the place or the date, the period of A. D. 1490 has been assigned to it as an approximation. No other copy is known to be extant, and its scarcity may be estimated by the fact that no mention of it occurs in the pages of either Ames' 'Typographical Antiquities' or of Dibdin's 'Bibliographical Decameron.' Under these circumstances of rarity, even the most fragmentary occurrence of the 'Four Sons of Aymon' is an event calculated to move the whole world of bibliography. Three leaves, or six pages, of this work have just come under observation, which have owed their preservation to having been used as part of the binding of a volume bearing a later date in the fifteenth century than the 'Four Sons of Aymon' itself. The seeming contemporaneous contempt of what the nineteenth century agrees to consider as precious is traceable to the fact that Caxton's works became prematurely antiquated, and so relegated to comparatively vulgar purposes in consequence, not only of the change of language which the introduction of printing accelerated or initiated, but of the change which took place soon after Caxton's time from black-letter to the ordinary typography of modern times."

THE HOUSEHOLD.

HELEN CAMPBELL EDITOR

"Jellies Clear and Amber Sweets."—II.

THERE is less work about putting up late fruit than is required by the small fruits which claim attention earlier in the season, at least as far as preparing it for the preserving kettle. Fruit which is to be made into delicious marmalades and spicy sweet pickles needs only to be carefully looked over, the perfect specimens wiped off with a soft towel, and the others rejected or cut in two and all imperfections removed; but for preserves, which are to tempt by their looks as well as flavor, the skins and sometimes the core also must be removed.

Blackberries should be made into jelly and jam or canned, as the case may be, as soon as possible after they are picked from the vines. To can them, boil five minutes, add six ounces of sugar to each quart of berries, boil five minutes longer and put while hot in cans or glass jars. To make into jelly boil them until soft, then strain, measure the juice, and boil fifteen minutes; then add a scant cupful of sugar for each cupful of juice, as measured, and boil ten minutes. Unless the berries contain an unusual amount of water the jelly will be perfectly solid, but as it is impossible to always judge correctly—and jelly is spoiled if it has to be cooked over—it is well to try a spoonful in a saucer; if it jellies around the edge as it cools it is done.

Blackberries make a good jam, which is excellent for making tarts, and for breakfast with warm bread. Measure the fruit before it is put in the kettle; allow one-third less sugar than fruit, but do not put it in until the fruit has cooked well for half an hour. After the berries have become soft mash them with a wooden spoon, boil twenty minutes after the sugar has been added, stirring frequently.

To make genuine old-time preserves, a pound of sugar to each pound of fruit is used. The result is a delicious, rich conserve, which does not need the protection of new-fashioned self-sealing jars to insure its keeping. But, excellent as they are, like many other good things, they should be used in small quantities, and they should be reserved for extra occasions, and the plainer canned fruits hold a more prominent place on the every-day table.

Peaches may be preserved whole, though they make a nicer appearance if the stone is removed, but in either case they should be peeled. A syrup is made by putting the sugar and water enough to dissolve it into the preserving kettle; when it boils add the peaches, and boil very gently until the fruit is soft enough to allow a straw to penetrate it and has acquired a clear amber color.

Quinces, pears and sweet apples are preserved in the same way.

"In making sweet pickles, whole, perfect fruit should be used. It is well to make marmalade at the same time, then the perfect fruit can be selected for the pickles, and all that must be cut in two or have imperfect places cut out can be used for the marmalade. To make a syrup for pickling fruit, take four pounds of sugar, one quart of elder vinegar and one pint of water for eight pounds of fruit; add one-half ounce of mace, one ounce of cinnamon in sticks and one-quarter ounce of whole cloves; let the syrup come to a boil before putting in the fruit. After the fruit is added let it boil until tender, but not until it is considered thoroughly cooked. Remove the fruit to glass jars and pour the syrup over it. Let it cool before sealing up. Peaches and crab-apples make the best pickles.

Crab-apples make a very pleasant-tasted jelly and are one of the best fruits for marmalade. Jelly, when made from yellow crab-apples, has a delicate amber color lovely to behold.

To make into jelly add two quarts of water to half a peck of apples and cook soft. Squeeze through a jelly bag and strain; boil the juice ten minutes, then add one cupful of sugar to each cupful of juice. The juice should be measured when put in the kettle, not after it has boiled; boil ten minutes longer, then pour into glasses.

Crab-apples, grapes, plums, peaches and quinces make good marmalade. A general rule is to cook the fruit until soft, then put it through a colander; return the pulp to the kettle, add a scant cupful of sugar to each cupful of pulp; boil three-quarters of an hour. It must cook slowly and be stirred frequently or it will scorch. It is better to put marmalade into small bowls. If put in large jars it remains soft, but, if rightly made, it will, when put in bowls, become perfectly solid.

Peach and apple butter is usually made in a quantity, and must be stirred all the time it is cooking. The stone is taken from the peaches and the core from apples, but neither are peeled. Enough water to cover the bottom of the kettle well is put in with the fruit and half a pound of sugar to each pound of fruit added. Apple butter should be cooked an hour and a quarter at least, and peach butter needs a little longer time.

Plums are made into butter the same way.

Oranges make a most delicate flavoring for a preserve made from watermelon rinds, but, if a sharper taste is liked, lemons may be used. The melon should be cut in slices, the rind peeled off and the red part removed, leaving the firm white rind. Cut into small pieces about two inches long. Weigh it and use half a pound of sugar to one pound of melon. Strain the juice from the inside of the melon, without cooking, and make a syrup with it and the sugar; add the rinds and boil until clear; then flavor to taste with the orange or lemon; let it boil five minutes after the flavoring is put in; then remove to glass jars. Let the syrup boil down until it is thick, then pour over the fruit, and seal.

Preserves keep best in a dry store-room. They will do well if only tied up, but it is a good plan to seal all kinds of fruit made into any kind of jelly or preserve with the flour paste. Every jar should have its appropriate label.

MRS. BUSHYAND.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

"We want to know why the English eat so much meat. If OUR CONTINENT knows, will it tell?"—N. B., Raleigh, N. C.

Who can answer this so well as an Englishman? Nobody, of course, and here is an Englishman's reply.

"The true reason why we seem to the visitors of our restaurants to have no vegetables, is that the cooks of Europe have served an apprenticeship of a thousand years on the carcasses of ox, pig, sheep, deer, goose, hare and other game and fish in fine variety. We are meat-eaters because our fathers had little else to eat. The plains and green hills of the cold North were dotted with wild-grazing animals, as an English park is now dotted with deer, or a Western prairie with antelope and bison. There was no green meat worth eating. A few generations only have passed since our now commonest vegetables came from the Continent. We are adding to their number every day, and thus by the aid of cultivation we are winning back our way to a simpler, healthier food, and one more like in kind that on which man subsisted in the tropical or sub-tropical regions whence he originally came. But the education of the cook bars the way to progress. Even when he gives us French beans they swim in butter! The French cooks, supposed to be the best, systematically make the natural flavor of the many delicate vegetables of their

markets secondary to that of butter—now, alas! often only cart grease or hardened oil.

"In our restaurants the best fish and meat are always procurable. The vegetable kingdom is usually represented by a mess of ill-smelling cabbage and a boiled potato. Under the circumstances one wonders why anybody has the courage to advocate vegetarianism; but at the very time that this may be witnessed in the restaurants our gardens are full of tender vegetables. No doubt we may have much to do to improve them, and we ought to grow more than we do. Nevertheless, it will be almost useless until there is a revolution in our modes of cookery, in the sense of cooking and serving for their own sakes, and in most cases without the aid of the animal kingdom, the more delicate green vegetables that are and may be grown in our gardens. Old or inferior vegetables require the art of the cook, and must be saturated with grease and spices to make them edible. The true art of cookery is only to deal with the best and tenderest of each kind and jealously preserve its flavor; but this art is in any general sense yet unborn. Those who know our markets best can also verify that no one connected with hotels or restaurants ever takes the same trouble to purchase the best vegetables that they do with meat, fish or game. They do not know or inquire after the best quality, much less pay for it. Our garden products should not be judged by a visit to any restaurant, however good."

HOUSE-CLEANING.

WHY is it that we will endure smoky walls, dirty paper and dusty carpets week in and out, waiting for house-cleaning time to come? I once heard a lady apologize for a disorderly closet by saying that she was going to "clean house" before long. The expression, "Oh, I have not cleaned house yet!" covers up a multitude of dirt and disorder.

Why not make an effort to keep clean all the time, and thus escape the worry and hard work of cleaning a whole house at once when so thoroughly dirty? Closets should be put in order and cleaned when they need it. And a carpet ought to be taken up when it becomes dusty? Why not? If papers are placed under carpets, they can be taken up without removing all of the furniture, pictures and so forth, if a wet mop be passed quickly and lightly over the floor before the dust is swept up. I have removed carpets, with most of the furniture in the room, when there was no more dust raised than would be by an ordinary sweeping.

For those who will cling to a "house-cleaning time" (we all do), the easiest way that I have yet found is to do all the white-washing and papering before the carpets are taken up. Have the tacks taken out the day before. Early in the morning remove the carpet and clean the floor. As soon as the floor will permit, which ought to be before noon, the carpet can be replaced. The woodwork and windows can be cleaned when most convenient. If bottles, packages and all small articles in the pantry are kept in boxes, it will be much easier than handling each article over and over.

Mrs. M. C.

MIGMA.

MME. CHRISTINE NILSSON will sail for America October 14.

MR. ARCHIBALD FORBES, the famous English war correspondent, finds lecturing more profitable than his former occupation, and is now speaking before immense audiences in Australia.

MRS. HELEN HUNT JACKSON, "H. H.," has followed the fashion set this year by all our principal authors, in getting as far as possible from central points, and is recuperating at Santa Barbara, California.

ONE-FIFTH of the Canadian Pacific Railway is owned by Sir John Rose, who recently reached St. Paul after an extended survey of his road and the Northern Pacific. He is tall and much more angular than the typical Englishman, but of genial manner and extreme plainness of dress.

THE great-grandson of Louis Philippe has just taken the prize for Latin composition at the annual competition of the Paris colleges. His father, the Comte de Paris, embraced him and placed on his head the wreath of laurel presented to victors amid the applause of a large audience. The boy is thirteen years of age.

THE Boston Public Library sends out a report of another prosperous year, having gained 13,289 volumes during the year, and

owning at present 404,221. The trustees express great anxiety for the safety of the library, so long as it is not only not fire-proof, but is exposed by its dangerous surroundings to destruction. Plans for a new building are now under discussion.

A BREAKFAST in rather an unusual spot was given early in August in Paris. The host was M. Bartholdi, the designer of the colossal statue of "Liberty Enlightening the World," and the table was laid in the lower folds of the drapery of the figure, the weight of which is nearly 150 tons, the height 110 feet, and from the end of the torch raised in the right hand to the feet 140 feet.

THE remains of Diderot still lie in the vaults of the Church of St. Roch, and the Free Thinkers of Paris have suddenly roused to a sense of the fact and make an appeal to all brethren in France to rescue their apostle from this "unworthy sepulchre." Monuments being the order of the day, they propose, from probable subscriptions, to erect a statue over a future tomb and celebrate his centenary in 1884.

THE personal appearance of Arabi Pasha is described by a Philadelphia artist who met him in Egypt: "A tall, heavy-faced man, sullen, swarthy, with only a pretty clear eye to soften the general harshness of expression, and a black moustache to hide a not particularly finely-carved mouth. His legs are as unattractive as his face. The underpinning looks too frail for the rest of the body. He is a bulky man, not puffy or Falstaffian in girth, but a broad, thick-chested fellow, built on the lobster pattern. Take him from his heavy head to his spindle legs, Arabi Pasha reminds one more of a negro than of the agreeable and pleasant-faced gentleman one meets among the Arabs and Egyptians."

DE LESSEPS is heartily seconded in his opposition to an English protectorate over the Suez Canal by his wife, who writes to the editor of *The Clarion*, who had printed an article praising the energetic Frenchman: "Your article this morning entitled 'A Real Frenchman' has deeply moved me. I thank you. You do justice to my husband and to his courageous defense. All right-minded Frenchmen ought to follow your example by aiding him at least morally to continue his heavy task, while he is defending himself against lawless, conscienceless enemies, and standing alone to prevent the English from committing the most detestable and barbarous act of our century. You remark that the opinions of M. de Lesseps have sometimes been contrary to yours. M. de Lesseps holds aloof from politics, but he is for God, honor and uprightness. You have, I think, always met him on this ground."

A SUGGESTION as to future methods of lessening danger in railroad travel comes from a practical railroad man, a train dispatcher at an important railroad centre in the State of New York. "So much time and money," says he, "are spent in guarding against the possibility of accident that serious ones are very rare. But in the midst of all this race for perfection the engineer is as he was at first. He is unimproved. He is only a man, and the best man can only do so much. An engineer was all that was wanted a few years ago, but now it is different. An engineer of to-day has got more than he can do. Somebody must ease him of some of his load. As it is now the engineer may be trying his water-gauge just when he should be looking at a signal. There are half a hundred necessary things he may be doing that will take his eyes off the road for an instant. He will miss a signal, and a wreck will be the result. Mind, I don't say what has happened. I am not going to tell any tales out of school. I only say it will happen. The only thing is, as I tell you, a third man in a little house of his own ahead of or over the engineer with a bell-rope communicating with a gong in the cab. You'll see him there in a very few years."

REFERENCE CALENDAR.

(THIS COLUMN IS INTENDED AS A RECORD FOR REFERENCE, NOT AS A SUMMARY OF CURRENT NEWS.)

August 19.—Reconnaissance and skirmish with Arabi's outposts beyond Ramleh. His earthworks, found to be strong and well manned.—Turkey wants to have her forces independent of English orders if she sends troops to Egypt. Also to have a date fixed for withdrawal of British forces.—General Wolseley's expedition passed to the eastward of Aboukir.—American Consul assaulted by Arabs in Alexandria.—Political

conspiracy discovered at Trieste.—Large fire in Quebec; loss, \$60,000; Mr. W. F. Ray principal loser.—Thirty new cases of yellow fever at Brownsville, Texas.—Several cases of drowning at Coney Island and Rockaway.—Twenty thousand people attend Senator Hill's funeral at Atlanta, Ga.—Hudson River steamboat *Kaaterskill* breaks her walking-beam. Several passengers injured, one fatally, by escaping steam.

August 20.—Port Said, the Mediterranean end of the Suez Canal, occupied by the British without resistance.—Lord Dufferin refuses Turkey's suggestions of yesterday.—Another British reconnaissance, on an armored railway train with artillery on board. Shots exchanged with Arabi's outworks.—De Lesseps keeps on protesting against British occupation of the Canal.—Mr. Leigh Smith, English Arctic explorer, picked up with his crew by rescue steamer *Hope*. His yacht *Nira* crushed by ice August 21, 1881, off Cape Flora.—Labor troubles on the increase in Cumberland mining regions.—Death of Sir Woodbine Parish, English diplomat and author, aged 87.

August 21.—General Wolsley sustains his reputation as a sharp campaigner. Occupies Port Said and vicinity and pushes on at once for Ismailia. Sends the transport fleet down the canal. Arabi preparing to abandon his present position east of Alexandria. Engagement near Suez, southern terminus of the canal. Arabs routed. Native troops arriving from India. England and Turkey cannot yet come to an agreement.—Cabinet meeting at the President's house in New York.—Secretary Chandler inspects Brooklyn Navy Yard.—Herbert Spencer arrives in New York.—Fire in Haines' piano works, New York. Building and stock saved. Loss about \$25,000.—Hotel Hamarock, at Marshfield, Mass., burned; total loss. Fires also at Lewiston, Me., Lancaster, Pa. (incendiary), Brooklyn, N. Y., Shenandoah, Pa., Chicago and Jersey City.—Delaware excursion steamer *Republic* starts down the river with Sunday-school picnic on board. Falls to return on time. Wild rumors of her having sunk with all on board. Wharves in Philadelphia crowded all night by anxious friends. Steamer meanwhile safe at anchor with a broken cylinder-head below Wilmington and nobody telegraphs to relieve anxiety at home!—Vennor predicts storms for the Lakes and North Atlantic sea-coast about the last of September and the first of October.—Deaths—Admiral Frederick de Latke, Russia, the French artist Edmund Morin, and B. B. Redding, land commissioner of the Central Pacific Railroad.

August 22.—British occupy Ismailia in force, and hold the entire canal. Arabi is evacuating the neighborhood of Alexandria as fast as he can (whereby he shows his good sense).—De Lesseps, having been admonished by the French Government to be a little cautious in his remarks, expresses himself as perfectly satisfied with Sir Garnet's explanation. French papers, on the contrary, denounce the whole proceeding.—Fifty-four new cases yellow fever at Brownsville.—Democratic State Convention nominate C. C. Stockley for Governor of Delaware.—Fires at Cohoes, Flatbush and Troy, N. Y., and Louisville, Ky.

August 24.—The Nile is rising, which is regarded as favorable for the Egyptians. Arabi said to have 25,000 men as his own immediate command.—Turkey preparing to sign the military convention.—Lieutenant Berry and Engineer Melville, late of the *Jeannette*, received by the Tsar.—A boat-load of Austrian sailors captured by the Egyptians by mistake.—Fifty-three new cases of yellow fever at Brownsville.—Scientists in session at Montreal.—Fires at Reesville, N. Y., and Bethalto, Illinois.

Scientific.—The most northern point in the world where rye and oats mature is at Kengis, in the Swedish province of Norrbotten, forty-nine miles to north of the Polar Circle, the northernmost spot where corn is grown being at Muoniovara, ninety-eight miles north of the Circle. The rye yields 98 per cent. and the oats about 90.—It is affirmed by Signor Mandelin that the violets, *V. sylvatica*, *V. tri-color* and *V. arvensis*, contain from 0.083 to 0.144 per cent. of salicylic acid. The other species are destitute or contain no appreciable quantity. The use of the violet in pharmacy is explained by the action of the salicylic acid.—A prize of 2000 francs has been offered by the International Committee of the Red Cross Society of Geneva for three studies, all to be complementary of each other, on the art of improvising means of help for the sick and wounded. These papers must be sent in before April 1, 1883, and the first must relate to the production of means of treatment, the second to means of trans-

port, and the third to the sudden providing of an ambulance or a field-hospital.—The Scottish Meteorological Society, through Mr. Clement L. Wragge, has written to the *London Times*, begging all visitors to Ben Nevis to co-operate with him and the Society in preventing damage to the instruments. Though kept under lock and key, it was found on the morning of July 23 that much wanton mischief had been done at the Red Burn Crossing, about 2700 feet above the sea. A hole had been made in the thermometer box and the wet-bulb thermometer broken and the compass points had been removed. It is hard to account for acts of such a nature.—The *Medical and Surgical Reporter* for August 5 contains an important communication from Dr. H. S. Chase, of St. Louis, on what is known as *The New Departure*, otherwise the rejection of gold as the best metal for filling, and the substitution of a metallic alloy, absolutely water and even alcohol-tight, and in better electrical harmony with the tooth than gold. Many of the most eminent dental surgeons have adopted this method, first introduced by Dr. Chase.—A long series of experiments made by Professor Acby, of Berne, demonstrate the fact that for the most important and largest number of the joints in the human body atmospheric pressure is fully adequate to retain the surfaces of the constituent bones in contact, even when all the soft parts including the capsule are divided. Experiment proves that any particular articulation can be made to swing within its normal limits of flexion supported by the pressure of the air alone, Dr. Schmid having confirmed Dr. Acby's conclusions.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Compound Oxygen in Catarrh.

The following letter, which came unsolicited, shows how promptly Compound Oxygen acts in a very troublesome disease, which, if not arrested, too often assumes a distressing and loathsome character. Not only in the early stages of this disease, but after it has become deeply seated and offensive, has it been found to yield to the action of this new and remarkable remedy:

"CADDY & WOLWORTH'S BUSINESS COLLEGE AND PHONOGRAPHIC INSTITUTE,
UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK, Oct. 23, 1881."

"DRS. STARKEY & PALEN.—Sir: I have now been using your Compound Oxygen—home treatment—about six weeks, for a troublesome and very disagreeable catarrh, which was fastened on me by sleeping for years in a cold room, with my feet out of one window and my head out of another!

"Now for the results. In two weeks I appreciated a slight change, and in four weeks my head became as clear as anybody's, my breathing became freer, and general health much improved, although not specially bad before. The difficulty in the throat—post nasal do you call it?—is not fully corrected, but it is so much better that I am more agreeable to myself and much less disagreeable to others than I was before using the oxygen.

"I am delighted more than I can tell you with your remedy, and give this testimonial voluntarily, which you are at liberty to sell for waste paper or make such other use of as you choose. I know there are many teachers who, like me, suffer from catarrh, and who like me have refused for a long time to acknowledge it, who would be greatly benefited by the use of Compound Oxygen. Yours, very respectfully,

"O. E. CADDY."

Our treatise on Compound Oxygen, its nature, action and results, with reports of cases and full information, sent free.
DRS. STARKEY & PALEN, 1109 and 1111 Girard St., Phila., Pa.

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We shall be prepared in a short time to furnish bound copies of Vol. I. with a complete Index. All orders received will be put on file and filed in the order of their receipt. Back numbers can be returned by mail or express at the sender's cost. Those preferring to have their volumes bound themselves, can be furnished with finely stamped covers and a complete index at the rate given below. This volume will be of the size of the original publication, and will include twenty-one numbers.

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AFTER MARRIAGE.

The First Year (Always.)

The Second Year (Sometimes.)

IN LIGHTER VEIN.

Typographical Perversities.—A compositor who was puzzling over one of Horace Greeley's manuscripts sagely and savagely observed: "If Belshazzar had seen this handwriting on the wall he would have been more terrified than he was." Doubtless those little mistakes so frequently met with in the best-managed publications are sometimes referable to the carelessness of the compositor or proof-reader, but, in the majority of cases, the author of the article in which they appear, by reason of his hieroglyphic penmanship, is the one upon whom the burden of responsibility should rest. That they are annoying to an author is undeniable; it is equally certain that, to the general reader, they are amusing, as the following amply attest:

The editor of a "society" journal, in his description of a bride, wrote: "Her dainty feet were incased in shoes that might have been taken for fairy boots." Imagine his consternation on beholding: "Her dirty feet were incased in shoes that might have been taken for ferry boats."

A newspaper published in the rural districts affirmed that a young lady at an amateur concert won a deserved *encore* by the exquisite taste with which she rendered "An Angel's Whisker" (whisper).

A Vermont sheet during the late civil war made "Sheridan's *corpas*" (*corps*) conspicuous in a certain engagement.

In a certain discourse Rev. Dr. Bethune said: "While men alept the devil sowed taras." The *Christian Intelligencer* reported him as having said "sawed trees."

A lad, in a poem which he was "setting up," saw the word *Hecate*. Not conversant with mythological lore, he was ignorant that Hecate was the goddess of the infernal regions. He did flatter himself that his orthographic ability was of no mean order, and, when the poem appeared in print, one line read:

"Shall reign the *He cat* of the deepest hell."

Of an office-seeker a friendly editor wrote: "He has secured a position in the custom house, as his well-known capacity convinced us he would." We venture to say the aspirant for political preferment was not gratified when he perceived that, according to the paper, his success was due to "his well-known rapacity."

"How to Make Babies Grow: Soak them in boiling water and dry them in the sun," said the types. The editor explained that *buibs*, not *babes*, was meant.

A bachelor, melancholy and poetical, wrote some verses for the

village paper, in which he expressed the wish that the time would soon arrive when he should

—"rest calmly within a shroud,
With a weeping willow by my side."

To his inexpressible horror and disgust it was printed:

"When I shall rest calmly within a *shavel*,
With a weeping *widow* by my side."

Perhaps no man was ever more disturbed by a trifle than the reporter who, concerning the appearance of the belle of the town at a picnic, intended to say, "she looked *au fait*," and found the types had, "she looked *all feet*."

Professor Bush was, at one time, proof-reader of the American Bible Society. Though, for the greater part, very careful about his work, he permitted one edition of the Bible to go to press with the expression, "The desolate hath many more children than she which hath a *hundred*" instead of "hath a *husband*."

A clergyman, in a lecture on temperance, was reported as saying: "Last Sunday, a young man died in my neighborhood, while I was preaching in a beastly state of intoxication."

What should have been "The lumbermen in this vicinity are busy skidding their logs" appeared in the *Binghamton Republican* "The *humber* men in this vicinity are busy *skinning* their dogs."

Dr. Gildersleeve, concerning the burial of a dearly-loved youth, wrote: "Disconsolate friends stood riveted to the spot." By the removal of a letter from one, and its insertion in another word, the printer caused him to say: "Disconsolate *fends* stood riveted to the *spot*."

Somewhat closely allied to these "typographical perversities" is the far from perspicuous language in which papers occasionally convey intelligence. Several years since, in a sheet published at Belfast, Maine, we saw, in an account of a riot, "Two shots were fired at —; the first killed him, but the second was not fatal."

Another paper asserts that "A gentleman, this morning, laid an egg on our table that weighs all of four ounces." But slightly less wonderful than the fact of a gentleman "laying an egg" is the lightness of the table upon which the strange occurrence took place.

The *Monitor*, of Concord, N. H., lately told of a minister who, within the past two and a-half years, had attended over eighty funerals; adding, "More than half of them were members of his church." One cannot but regard that a remarkable church, whose membership is composed of funerals!